



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

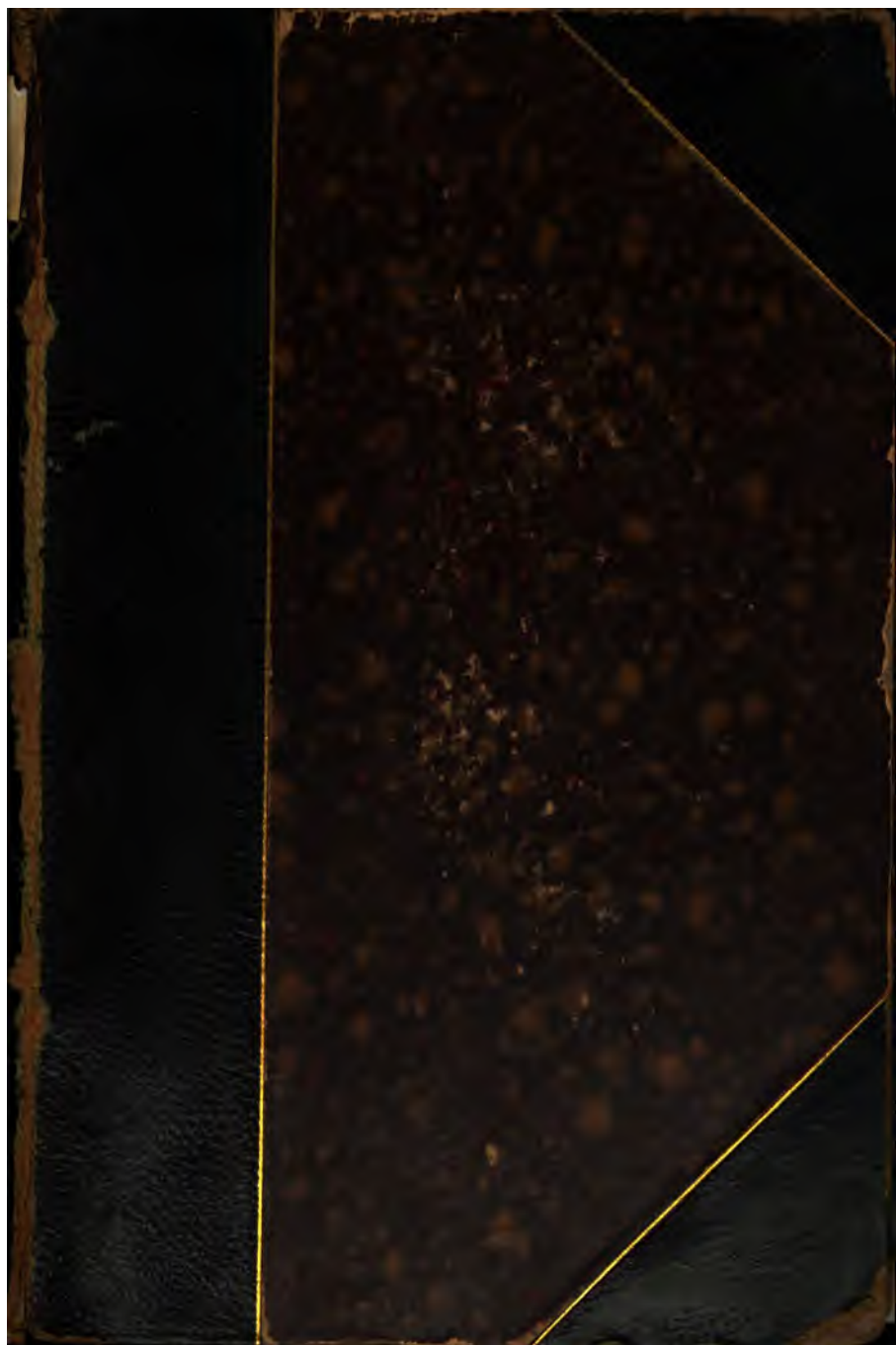
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



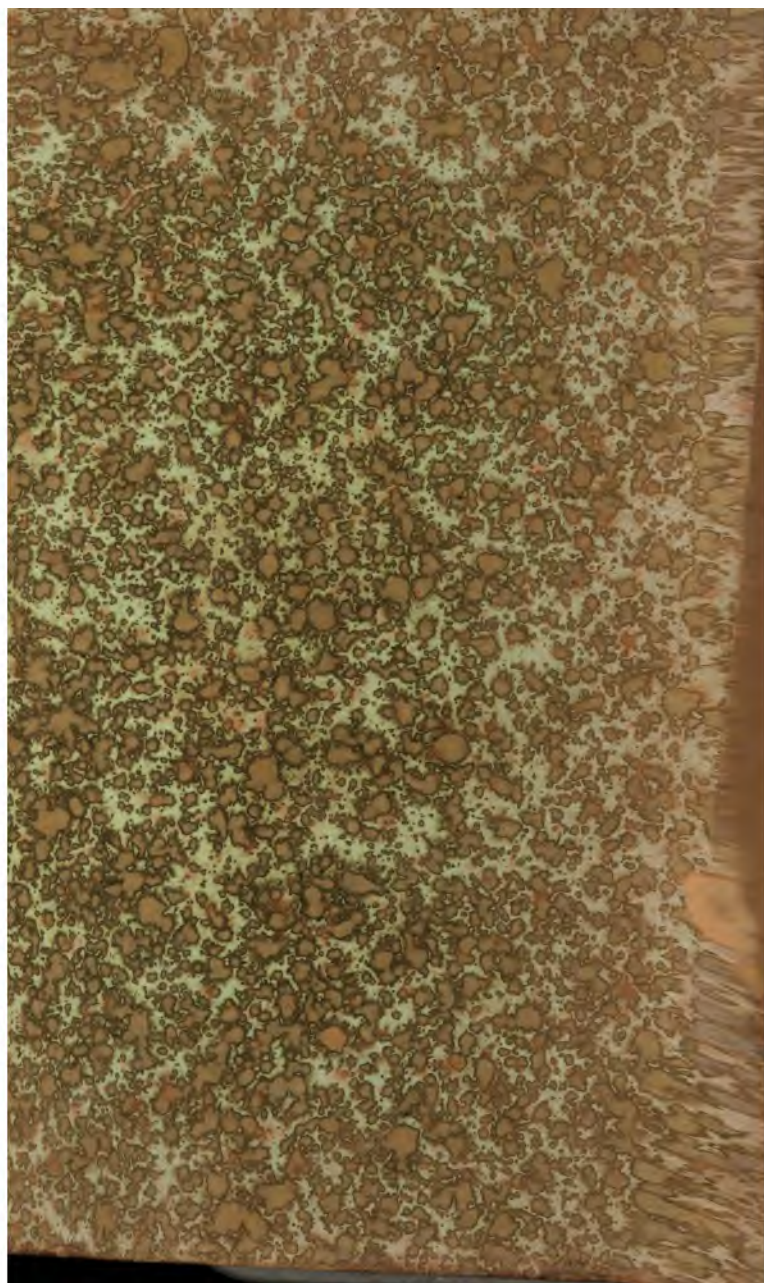
x 17.6

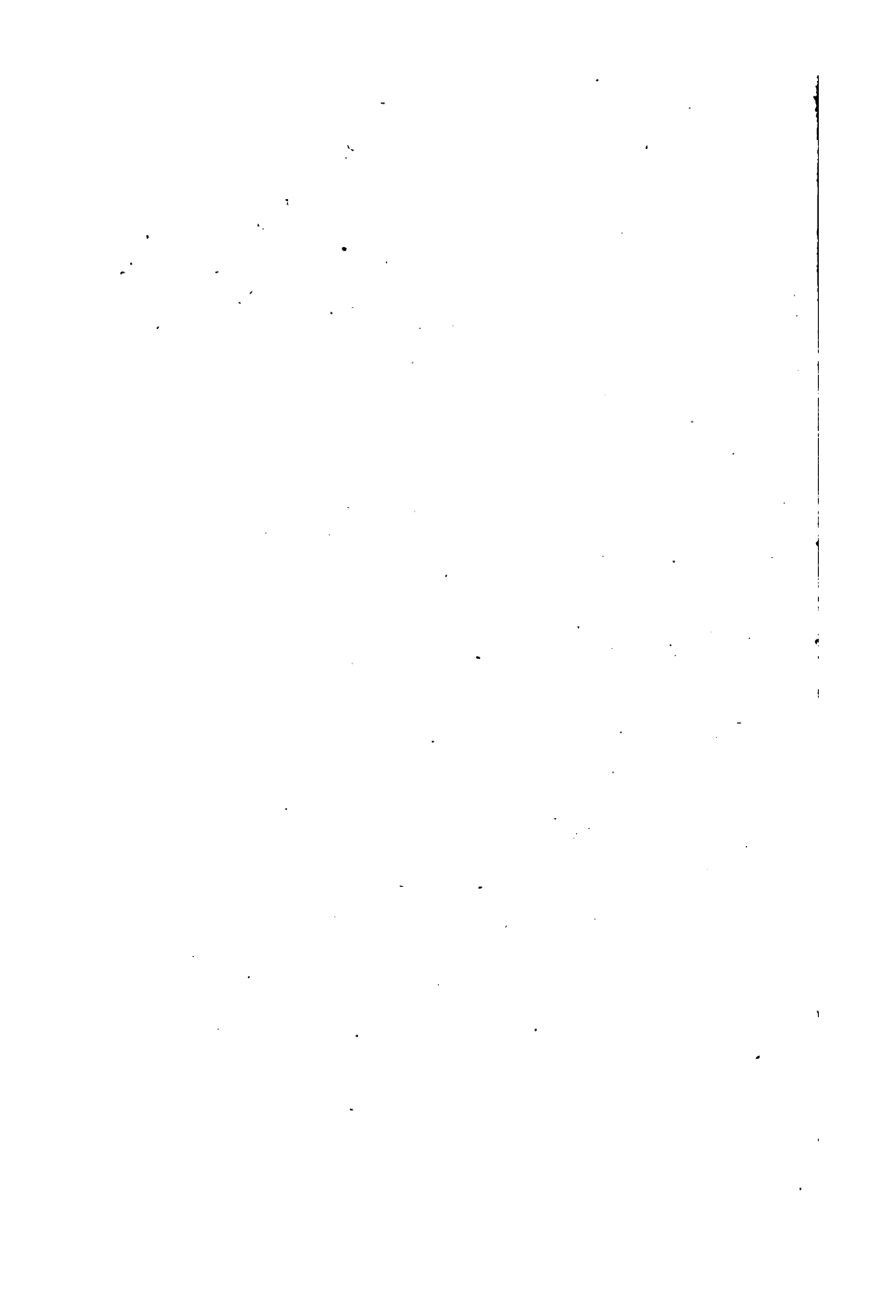
Harvard College Library

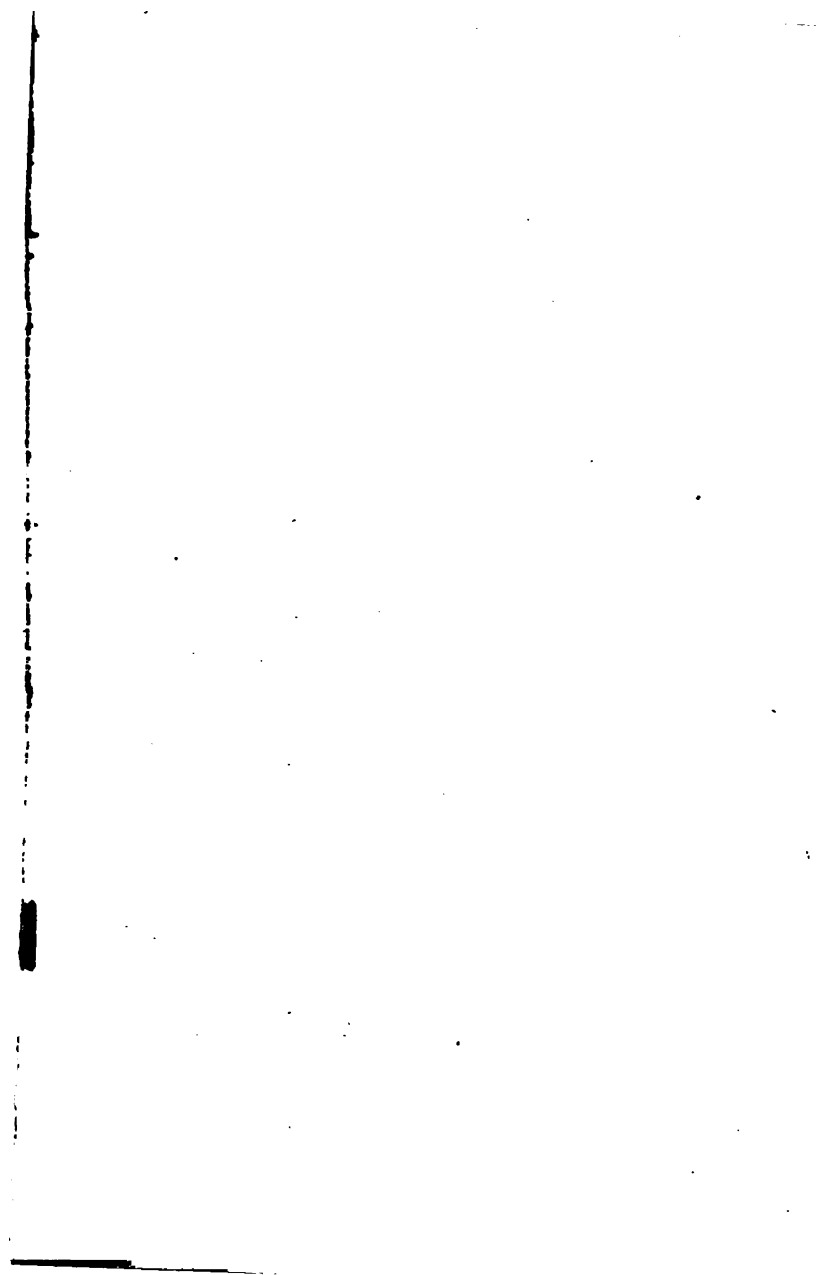


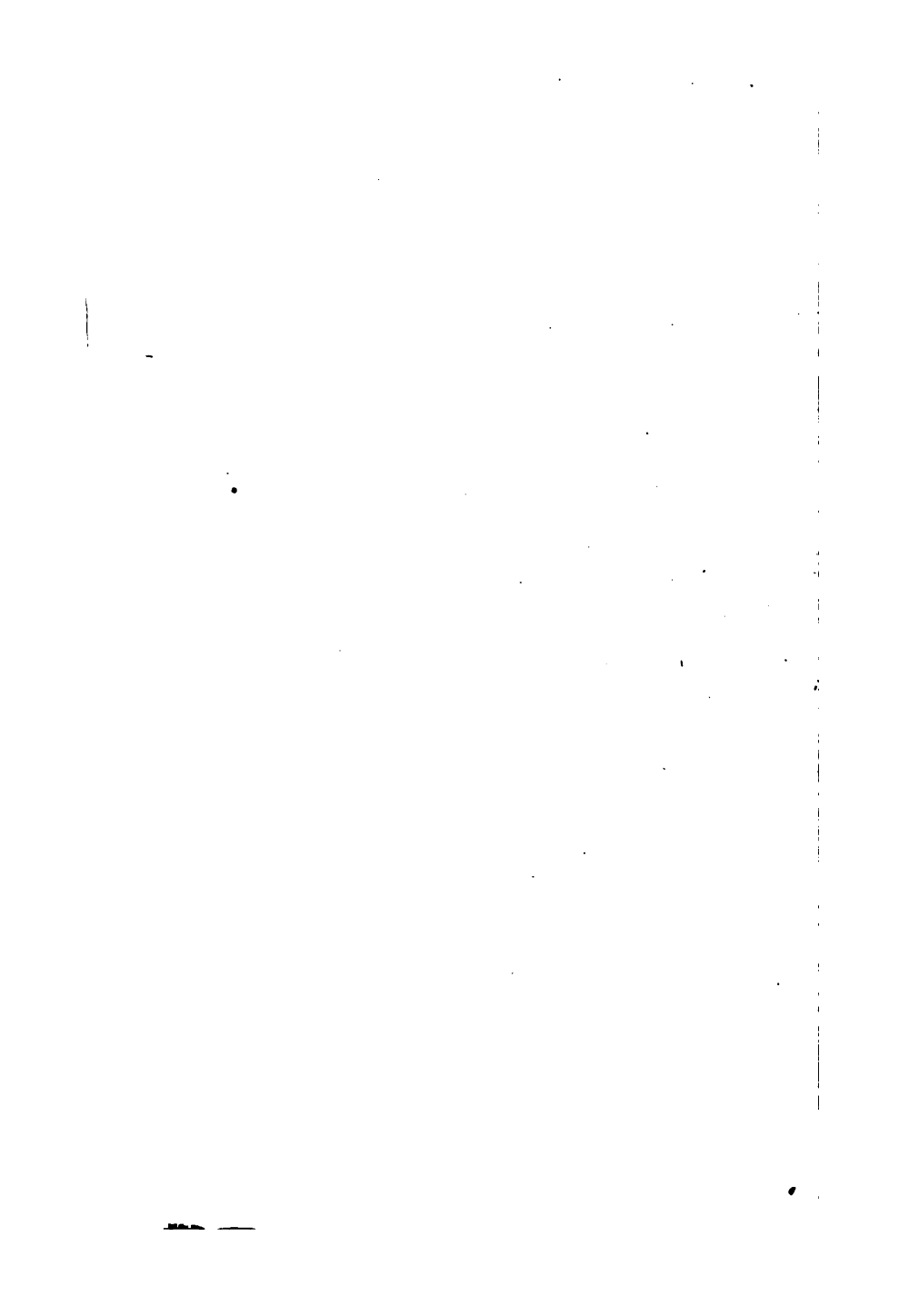
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
FRANKLIN HAVEN
OF BOSTON
AND OF
FRANKLIN HAVEN, JR.
(Class of 1857)

GIFT OF
MARY E. HAVEN
July 2, 1914









0

FABLES, 854
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY
JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY
TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.



LONDON :
G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK : 18, BEEKMAN STREET.
1857.

17 417.6

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
MARY E. HAVEN
JULY 2, 1914,

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON :—PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY,
BREAD STREET HILL.

TO THE
QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

These Original Fables

BY THE LATE JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

ARE

WITH PERMISSION

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST DUTIFUL SUBJECT

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

EDMUND SOUTHEY ROGERS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R.A.

THIS eminent artist and highly talented man was born in the parish of Saint Andrew's, Plymouth, on the 22d of October, 1746. His father, a watchmaker, was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family in Devonshire, of great respectability, which has given, at different periods, several high sheriffs and representatives in parliament for that county.

There were besides James six other children: five sons and one daughter; four of the sons died in their infancy. The two sons were brought up to their father's business. Samuel was sent to London to a watchmaker in Fleet Street, named Holmes.

Young Northcote's fondness for painting prevailed over the drudgery of his mechanical employment, and he determined to abandon the occupation he had been engaged in, and devote himself entirely to his favourite study; he therefore resolved upon going to London, an undertaking at that time of no inconsiderable effort. He was now twenty-five years old, and had never been twenty miles from his native place. This resolution to devote himself to the art was strengthened by the favourable reception of a print from a painting he had made of a bathing-place near Plymouth. In this he speculated, and his share of the profits, which amounted to five guineas, was added to five more, the savings of his previous life, and constituted the whole of his riches for this important undertaking, as his father refused to assist him. His brother at this time having made a visit to Plymouth, James determined to accompany him on his return to London, "the focus" of the Fine Arts; and, having obtained a recommendatory letter from Dr. Mudge to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the two brothers left Plymouth for London,

where they arrived early in the spring of 1771, having walked the whole distance.

He had brought with him a painting of a duck, which had met with much commendation at home. This he offered to a printseller on Ludgate Hill (at that time the only one between Tyburn and Saint Paul's), who declined purchasing the picture, but engaged him to colour prints of flowers at one shilling per sheet: at first he could only complete one each day; yet this sum, small as it was, paid his expenses.

It appears that Samuel returned soon after to Plymouth, and settled with his father in business. James, however, continued to be employed by the printseller until Sir Joshua, struck by his perseverance and attention, took him into his house.

During his residence with Sir Joshua he had frequent opportunities of intercourse with the illustrious great who assembled round the hospitable board of the President of the Royal Academy. Among these were Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Burke, and Garrick; and possessing as Northcote did from nature a spirit of observation, and a retentive memory, he here rapidly improved, not only in the professional object of his pursuits, but in literary and other accomplishments of the mind.

On the 12th of May, 1776, he took his leave of Sir Joshua, revisited Plymouth, and was soon overwhelmed with commissions for portraits, and acquired enough money to carry him to Italy. He left England the same year, and visited the Galleries of such private and public edifices as were distinguished for the possession of celebrated works of art. In this tour he was accompanied by Mr. Prince Hoare, to whom he had a letter of introduction from Sir Joshua; and the intimacy thus formed continued with unabated regard to the last hour of his life.

During his stay on the Continent he was elected a Member of the Academy of Dei Forti at Rome, the Imperial Academy at Florence, and of the Ancient Etruscan Academy at Cortona. He was also requested to paint a portrait of himself for the Gallery of Florence, which he did. It is considered a most faithful resemblance and an excellent picture.

Having taken a house in Clifford Street, Bond Street, he commenced historical painting, and met with a most liberal

friend and patron in Mr. Alderman Boydell, who gave a dinner to the principal artists of the day, November 4, 1786, when the formation of the Shakspeare Gallery was agreed upon. This gentleman not only encouraged the growth of historical painting in England, by his liberality towards the artists engaged in this hitherto unprofitable and consequently neglected branch of the art, but it is also to him that English engraving is indebted for its present elevated character.

The first picture exhibited by Northcote in the Royal Academy was the portrait of his friend Dr. Mudge, in 1773; and he continued an exhibitor fifty-eight years. In 1786, he was elected a Royal Academician.

He continued now to be fully employed in historical and portrait painting; and, in April, 1790, he mentions taking the house in Argyle Street (now Argyle Place), and painting the portrait of the Countess of Morton, when he raised his prices to twenty guineas for a head, and one hundred guineas for a whole length.

Mr. Northcote painted upwards of two thousand pictures, and the prints from his numerous works, which may be seen all over the country, fully prove how industrious he was. While in the vigour of his professional powers, his colouring was chaste, forcible, and distinct; his pictures having that breadth of light and shade, which is one of the estimable properties of a good painting; but, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he seldom drew with correctness or vigour, and the want of an early academic education, where the study of the human figure might have given a facility to his hand in obeying his eye, was always felt by him, or rather was always felt by correct judges of his works.

In 1830 appeared the "Life of Titian;" and the second volume of *Fables*, now published with this *Sketch of his Life*, was his last literary work, the child of his old age—the idol around which he had wreathed the imaginings of years; and it is a singular fact, that the fondness for drawing, which began by copying the pictures from *Æsop's Fables*, attended him in the midst of his career.

For nearly half a century Mr. Northcote was seldom absent from his painting-room, where in his loose gown and velvet cap, surrounded by a multifarious and disorderly assemblage of studies, casts, armour, and other *mâtériel* of a

painter, his diminutive figure often contrasted strangely with the gigantic and muscular forms he was painting.

Northcote was low in stature, about five feet three inches ; but this was seldom observed by those who spoke to him : they forgot it whilst regarding the expression of his eye, and his figure was rarely noticed when the fine character of his head commanded attention ; or if it was remarked, this often arose from his dress, which at home was rather slovenly ; and abroad his long trowsers so folded about his heels from their disproportioned length, that they sometimes excited a joke that "Northcote still hoped to grow to them."

He was a timid man, and shrank from any personal risk. One morning, when walking in the fields near Primrose Hill, he was robbed by footpads ; and for a long time after he avoided all chance of returning home alone, if late.

Mr. Northcote was long afflicted with a complaint which increased with his years, and almost constantly required the attendance of a medical friend ; but he bore this with firmness, and pursued his art with cheerfulness until within a very short period of his death. The decay of vigour in his works was less obvious than at his great age might have been expected, and was more observed by others than by himself.

During several winters preceding his death he remained within doors, and was careful of his health ; but life was again enjoyment when, on the return of spring, he could take a short walk or ride on a sunny day. Age and infirmity at length prevented this, as by degrees he became confined to his house, and for a short time to his chamber, where the few friends whom he was still desirous of seeing witnessed the last flashes of a spirit ever young, though united to a mortality on which the hand of time had pressed so long. At length these parted, on the evening of July 13, 1831, when he had nearly completed his eighty-fifth year. Thus ended a life which affords a most instructive example of the advantages of economy, of patient persevering industry, and of inflexible integrity.

His remains were placed near those of his friend Cosway, beneath the New Church of St. Marylebone.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
APE AND BEAVER	54
ASS AND LAMB	151
APE AND FOX	159
 BEE AND ANT	 11
BOASTFUL ASS	15
BEE AND BUTTERFLY	47
BALM TREE AND THORN	83
BEACON AND CHANDELIER	113
BEEES AND SNAIL	140
BEE AND SPIDER	195
 CARRIER AND HORSE	 65
CROCODILE AND SNAKE	97
CUPID AND HYMEN	205
COCK, HOG, AND LAMB	224
CUPID'S PASTIME	228
COCK, DOG, AND FOX	238
CLOWN AND SUNDIAL	240
 DUMB WAITER	 25
DOG AND CRANE	58
DELICATE HERON	81
DRUNKARD AND CONFESSOR	93
DECREE OF APOLLO	233
 ELEPHANT AND FOX	 8
ELEPHANT AND SLAVE	13
ELEPHANT AND WOLF	105

	PAGE
ERMINES AND POLECAT	147
EAGLE'S STATUE	149
ENCAGED SKYLARK	153
ECHO AND PARROT	174
EPICURE AND PHYSICIAN	198
.	
FAIRY GIFT	27
FIR TREE AND INSECT	37
FLY AND SNUFFTAKER	73
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY	99
FOX AND TORTOISE	183
FORTUNE AND PLUTUS	189
FARMER, FOX, AND DOG	220
.	
HORSE AND GROOM	23
HUNTED DEER	107
HARE AND BRAMBLE	127
.	
JAY AND OWL	56
.	
KINGFISHER AND NIGHTINGALE	33
.	
LYNX AND MOLE	3
LION AND JACKAL	52
LION AND WOLF	89
LOW AMBITION	103
LION, DOG, AND APE	134
LION AND FAITHFUL DOG	187
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP	191
.	
MAGPIE AND OWL	95
MOLE BECOME A CONNOISSEUR	101
MOTH, GRASSHOPPER, AND BEE	123
MOUSE AND OYSTER	171
MAN, SERPENT, AND LIZARD	185
MAN, MONKEY, AND APOLLO	230

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
OAK AND HONEYSUCKLE	125
PORCUPINE, CHAMELEON, AND OWL	19
POET AND SPORTSMAN	31
PEACOCK, OWLS, AND EAGLE	43
PARROT AND SINGING BIRDS	45
PARTY QUARRELS	50
POET AND COBWEBS	68
PEACOCK AND OWL	71
PHAETON AND ONE-HORSE CHAIR	118
PEACH AND POTATO	129
PHILOSOPHER AND GODDESS OF POVERTY	145
PETTY TYRANTS	155
PRUDENT FATHER	157
PAMPERED OWLET	161
PHILOSOPHER AND SICK MAN	202
PRACTICAL JOKE	211
PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY	216
PRUDENCE AND HER ADVISERS	236
REDBREAST AND SPARROW	1
RAT AND STATUE	181
RAT WITH A BELL	207
SKYLARK	35
SWAN AND GEESE	37
SAGE AND LINNET	91
STRICKEN DEER	164
SWORD AND SPIT	166
STONE BROTH	168
TYRANT AND PHILOSOPHER	6
TWO SWINE	17
THE MOLE	36
THE MONKEYS	41
TWO MICE	78

	PAGE
TIGER AND FOX	121
THE OSTRICH	138
THE NETTLE	178
THE TROOPER AND HIS ARMOUR	218
 VIOLET AND NIGHTSHADE	 39
VIRTUE AND HER DAUGHTERS	63
VIRTUE AND VICE	109
VAIN BUTTERFLY	116
VIRGIN AND THE ROSE	209
 WOLF AND ELEPHANT	 76
WARRIOR AND CLIO	143
WOODCUTTER AND JUPITER	193
 YOUNG LADY AND PIG	 132
YOUNG FOWLER AND CUPID	214



FABLES.



THE REDBREAST AND THE SPARROW.

APOLOGY.



PERCH'D on a tree, hard by a rural
cot,

A Redbreast singing cheer'd the
humble spot ;

A Sparrow on the thatch in critic
spleen

Thus took occasion to reprove the strain :
"Dost thou," cried he, "thou dull, dejected thing,
Presume to emulate the birds of spring?"

Can thy weak warbling dare approach the thrush
Or blackbird's accents in the hawthorn bush?
Or with the lark dost thou, poor mimic, vie,
Or nightingale's unequall'd melody?
These other birds, possessing twice thy fire,
Have been content in silence to admire."
"With candour judge," the minstrel bird replied,
"Nor deem my efforts arrogance or pride;
Think not ambition makes me act this part,
I only sing because I love the art;
I envy not, indeed, but much revere,
Those birds whose fame the test of skill will bear:
I feel no hope aspiring to surpass,
Nor with their charming songs my own to class;
Far other aims incite my humble strain;
Then surely I your pardon may obtain;
While I attempt the rural vale to move
By imitating of the lays I love."





THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.



ONCE by chance a Lynx, in his rambles, met with a Mole. The Lynx, pleased with the various beauties of nature as seen by his penetrating eye, solicited the Mole to participate with him in viewing the delightful prospect from a rising ground.

The Mole, who had just left his hole in the earth, consented to accompany him. When they came in sight of the distant country, "See," said the Lynx, "how charming is the view before us! behold the bright Sun, that

seems to give life everywhere and make all things rejoice."—"Well, well," said the Mole, "I do not know what you may see; but, for my part, there seems only a heavy mist before me."

"Now," said the Lynx, "I clearly perceive the difference there is between us: your dull senses perceive little or nothing, whilst I receive both information and delight. You are no fit companion for one who by alchemy of mind can generate jewels, and whose keen eye can pierce objects the most opaque. Go you back again to your dark abode in the earth, whilst I shall range the forest; for, to such as have the power of perception, the treasures of nature are everywhere teeming with knowledge and with pleasure."

APPLICATION.

This Fable seems to carry its moral in itself; so that little more remains to be said upon it. Certain it is, that if the very same thing be shown to two persons of different degrees of intellect, or of different dispositions, their perceptions of it will as widely differ from each other as if they had seen two different things: one views it with apathy, and without interest;

the other sees it with delight, still heightened by a lively imagination, which brings a thousand associated pleasures in its train ; and thus while to the one it seems as if deprived even of its own beauties, to the other it is decked out in borrowed splendour. From this cause proceeds that vast difference of opinions which we often hear given by different persons concerning the same object. The dull perceive but half of what is shown them, whilst the genius sees all its excellences refined and magnified.

J. N.





THE TYRANT AND THE PHILOSOPHER.



CERTAIN Indian Tyrant became hateful to his subjects from his cruelty and lawless oppressions, and all advice when offered was fatal to the adviser ; when Sessa, a sage philosopher, undertook the perilous task of curing the Tyrant of his hateful temper ; for this purpose he invented the game of chess, wherein he shows the impotence of the king, in that game, when unassisted by his subjects.

The fame of this invention soon reached the Tyrant's ears, as was intended, and he sent for Sessa to teach it to him, who instantly obeyed.

In the course of the lesson the despot's eyes were opened, and he congratulated himself on being, as he imagined, his own discoverer of what was real wisdom. The game became his favourite pastime: he was attached in friendship to the Philosopher, and soon became a mild and good sovereign.

APPLICATION.

That advice sinks deepest into our hearts which we gain by experience, or that we conceive to be the result of our own sagacity; and the ingenuity and merit of the Philosopher, in the Fable, are displayed in the artful manner he contrived to make the king conceive that it was himself alone who discovered the wholesome lesson.

J. N.





THE ELEPHANT AND THE FOX.



GRAVE and judicious Elephant entering into argument with a pert Fox, who insisted upon his superior powers of persuasion, which the Elephant would not allow, it was at length agreed between them that whichever attracted the most attention from his auditors by his eloquence should be deemed the victor. At a certain appointed time a great assembly of animals attended the trial, and the Elephant was allowed to speak first. He with eloquence spoke of the high importance of ever adhering with strictness to

justice and to truth, also of the happiness which resulted from controlling the passions, of the dignity of patience, the inhospitable and hateful nature of selfishness, and the odiousness of cruelty and carnage.

The pert Fox, perceiving the audience not to be much amused by the discourse of the Elephant, made no ceremony, but interrupted the oration by giving a farcical account of all his mischievous tricks and hairbreadth escapes, the success of his cunning, and his adroit contrivances to extricate himself from harm: all which so delighted the assembly, that the Elephant was soon left, in the midst of his wise advice, without a single auditor near him; for they one and all with eagerness thronged to hear the diverting follies and knaveries of the Fox, who of course was in the end declared the victor.

APPLICATION.

The effect these two orators had on the perceptions of their audience was exactly the reverse one to the other. That of the Elephant touched the guilty, like satire, with pain and reproach; even the most innocent was humbled, as none were wholly free from vice, and all felt themselves lowered even in their own opinion, and heard the admonition as an irk-

some duty, but still with little inclination to undergo the difficult task of amendment. But when the Fox began, all was joy; the innocent felt all the gratification which proceeds from the consciousness of superiority, and the guilty to find their vices and follies treated only as a jest: for we all have felt how much more pleasure we enjoy in laughing at a fool than in being scrutinized by the sage. From this cause it is, that farce of the most grotesque and absurd kind is tolerated and received, and not without some degree of relish even by the good and the wise, as we all want comfort.

J. N.





THE BEE AND THE ANT.



VIOLENT dispute once arose between the Bee and the Ant, each claiming superiority for prudence and industry; and, as neither of them would give up the point, they mutually agreed to refer the decision of this great question to the decree of Apollo, who was fortunately at hand tending the cattle of Admetus. Accordingly approaching the god, each made out his title to a preference with all the eloquence which a Bee or an Ant had ever been master of. When Apollo gave judgment thus:—"I consider you both as most excellent examples of industry and prudence.

You," said he, addressing the Ant, "by your care, your foresight, and your labour, make for yourself an ample provision in time of need; thus independent, you never intrude on or tax the labours of others for help: but recollect, at the same time, that it is yourself alone that you benefit; no other creature ever shares any part of your hoarded riches. Whereas the Bee produces, by his meritorious and ingenious exertions, that which becomes a blessing to the world. Therefore I must give my judgment in favour of the Bee."

APPLICATION.

That man deserves the thanks of his country who connects with his own the good of others. The philosopher enlightens the world; the manufacturer employs the needy; and the merchant gratifies the rich, by procuring them the rarities of every clime. But the miser, although he may be no burden on society, yet, thinking only of himself, affords to no one else either profit or pleasure. As it is not the lot of any one in this world to have a very large share of happiness, that man will of course have the largest portion who makes himself a partner in the happiness of others. The benevolent are sharers in every one's joys.

J. N.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE SLAVE.



N Elephant, in his progress through the forest, saw a Slave felling trees, and linked by a chain to a log of wood, to prevent his escape. "I see clearly," said the Elephant, "that you are a Slave by your equipment, an indication also of your past bad conduct, which has brought you to disgrace."—"True," said the Slave; "but notwithstanding my degraded state, I am still your superior."—"In one quality," replied the Elephant, "you have the advantage most supremely, and which mankind possess alone, in contradistinction to all other

animals in the creation. I mean the power of being able to console themselves by self-adulation and flattering conceit, even when under the most degrading circumstances, or when steeped in vice: not once recollecting that it is manners make the man."

APPLICATION.

It is curious to observe by what ingenious sophistry and artful cant we endeavour to screen from our sight and conviction the odiousness of many of our qualities, instead of boldly facing them, in order to descry their deformity, which would raise our hatred and force us to correct them. On the contrary, by this blind indulgence we give strength to vice, till at last it gains the mastery over us and ends in our ruin. Would that there were mirrors for the mind as well as for the face! The understanding is often deceived, because there is nothing to represent it truly; and every judge of himself, being seduced by inclination, will always find some loophole or other to evade censure. Self-love makes us put on spectacles, to see the things larger that concern ourselves.

J. N.



THE BOASTFUL ASS.



ONCE a poor Ass, who was roughly used by his driver, ventured to make his moan on being so hardly treated, more especially as he might boast with truth of the antiquity and dignity of his descent from one who had conversed with angelic beings, and whose story was commemorated in the highest of all records. "Yes," replied his master, "but that which you make your boast turns only the more to your disgrace, in being so wretched a representative of such an illustrious ancestor."

APPLICATION.

Those who, descended from some illustrious ancestor, the founder of a family, yet in their own persons act in a manner to become a disgrace to the great name, had better never mention it, as the comparison which it forces on the hearer serves only to aggravate their disgrace.

J. N.





THE TWO SWINE.



T once happened that a couple
 of Swine, whose sole pleasure
 depended on gratifying their
 appetites, travelled together, in
 quest of food and rarities, till
 they came by accident to the seaside: here
 they saw, at a distance from the shore, some
 pieces of a wreck, which they took a fancy
 to believe contained some rich dainty, and
 thought that their longing appetite was a proof
 of its being some repast surpassing anything
 they had hitherto found; thus weakly pro-

ceeding from one extravagance to another, they at last came to this issue. Being unused to swimming, and so awkward in the performance that they ran the risk of cutting their throats in the attempt, they had sufficient prudence left to decline this method of obtaining their imagined prize, but resolved (as they were stout drinkers) to drink all that lay between them and the object of their hopes. To work therefore they went till they burst.

APPLICATION.

This is not a bad representation of those persons who, having fixed their ambitious aim on some distant object as the summit of happiness, waste their lives and fortunes in the pursuit of that which is far above their powers to reach, and which would disappoint their hopes if obtained.

Those whose excursive fancies rove unguided over the world of honours and riches, have a very uncertain view of the thing called happiness. It lies in the distant offing of life's sea, so imperfectly defined that it is scarcely more than guessed at, and the means taken to come up with it are too often the causes of our disappointment.



THE PORCUPINE, CHAMELEON, AND OWL.



ONE day a meeting took place between a Porcupine and a Chameleon, who entering into confidential discourse, each most bitterly complained of the scorn in which they were held by a cruel world. They both declared that they could not name one friend that they had in it, and yet could see no sufficient reason why they should be so hardly treated, especially as they had sough by varied experiments to gain approbation, but still found to their cost that neither could

succeed. In this dilemma they determined to apply to some competent judge to have the problem solved. They concluded that the Owl, the chosen bird of Minerva, was the proper object of their search, and accordingly presented themselves before him.

When the Owl, having heard each eloquently make out his case, thus gave his judgment. First addressing the Chameleon—"You," said he, "can lay no claim to friendship, since you only reflect back the object which is presented to you, as if you thought it a perfect model to imitate and worthy to engross the whole attention, like an insipid echo, offering neither advice, admonition, or correction, but a mere servile flatterer, as you are, applauding equally whatever is presented to your notice—vice or virtue. And as to you," turning to the Porcupine, "who hold yourself perpetually armed against all the world, and on every suggestion of envy or caprice shoot* your sharp quills at friends or enemies, innocence or guilt, regardless who suffers while you enjoy the triumph of your power and the force of your weapons, what better fate can you expect than to be

* It is now almost unnecessary to observe that the Porcupine's discharge of his quills is indeed a fable.—Ed.

viewed with terror and dislike? Go, fretful Porcupine, and base, fawning Chameleon, and if you cannot mend your manners, learn at least to be content without friends; for depend upon it, that none are without friends but those who deserve none."

APPLICATION.

That part of mankind who set the world at defiance by hourly irritation, and who seem to live but to stir up ill blood by indulging their satire, scorn, or pride, give up all the sweets of society for the sake of showing their wit, or the pleasure of mortifying by their censure. Surely these can set up no claims to the friendship of others. Nor can those base parasites who, to promote their own selfish ends, load with false praise the victims of their craft, disregarding the mischief they may occasion, expect to find friends when at last their falsehood is discovered.

Every one who has had any experience in life must have met with characters of whom all speak ill, though they are not chargeable with any great crime; nor can a reason exactly be assigned why they should be hated, yet no one can be persuaded to love them. It may

fairly be said that such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost the chief rewards of virtue without gaining the profits of wickedness, and merely by having neglected all those proprieties by which mankind are endeared to one another.

J. N.





THE HORSE AND GROOM.



HORSE whose each ancestral steed
Renowned was both for blood and
speed,
Released awhile from curb and
rein,

Strode proudly o'er the grassy plain,
And thus a reverie began :

"Fool that I am, that puny man
Should rule me with his tyrant hand,
And bid me own his least command ;
No longer will I thus submit
To goading spur and galling bit,

But unconfined for ever roam,
Making each lovely vale my home,
And as my kindred horses free
Far off in sunny Araby."
Thus spoke the idler, and away
The truant wander'd many a day;
The next day and the next he spent
In idleness and discontent:
At length, fatigued with doing nought,
Again his master's close he sought.
The fence scarce leap'd the Groom appears,
And rattling corn salutes his ears;
He runs forgetful of the past,
And finds he's fairly caught at last.
When safely in the stable tied,
A whip salutes his undress'd hide;
His wonted stroll at even's o'er,
He treads the verdant plain no more;
But 'mid the city's noisome air,
He's doom'd a life of toil to bear.

APPLICATION.

How often men do thus abuse
The things but lent them for their use,
And then in after years repent
The treasure they've so idly spent.

M. L.



THE DUMB WAITER.



WITH frowning brow and aspect
louring,

When John's ambitious thoughts
were towering,

From chair to chair he pass'd along

Without soliloquy or song,

Content in humdrum mood to' adjust

His matters to disperse the dust,

Thus plodded on with sulky air,

Till a Dumb Waiter claim'd his care ;

He then in rage with stern salute,

Bespoke the inoffensive mute :

" Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,

With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses,

Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
We honest folks must quit the room,
And like young misses at a christ'ning,
Are forced to be content with list'ning,
Though thou 'rt a favourite of my master's,
I'll set thee gadding on thy castors."
This said—with many a rough attack,
He scrubb'd him till he made him crack ;
Insulted stronger still and stronger,
The poor dumb thing could hold no longer—
"Thou fool, born spoons and plates to dandle,
Thou haberdasher of small scandal,
Factor of family abuse,
Retailer of domestic news,
My lord, as soon as I appear,
Confines thee in thy proper sphere ;
Or else at every place of call,
The chandler's shop and cobbler's stall,
Or alehouse (where for petty tales
Gin, ale, and beer are constant vails),
Each word at table that was spoke
Would soon become the public joke,
And cheerful innocent converse
To scandal warp'd, or something worse.
Whene'er my master I attend,
Freely his mind he can unbend ;
But when such praters fill my place,
Then nothing should be said—but grace."



THE FAIRY GIFT.



IN days of yore, when Fairies could bestow benefits on mankind, it happened that a prudent wife was brought to bed of a fine boy, and the Fairies, with whom she was a great favourite, through her wise and proper conduct, came to congratulate her on the occasion, and offered her the disposal of three wishes to bestow on her new-born son, leaving the decision to her own choice. On demanding what would be her first wish, the good woman, with great gravity, answered, "Pray grant him impudence."

"It shall be so," said the Fairy; "and what is your second request?"—"Impudence," replied the mother.—"And now what is your third?"—"Oh! impudence is all-sufficient," said the unpretending mother.—"You have made your wishes," said the Fairy, "more worldly than unwisely; your son, if by chance he may not be admired for his virtues, shall still be remarked for his good fortune in life, as you have made choice of the chief means to insure it."

APPLICATION.

The world is too prone to take for truth the character which we give out of ourselves, so that the man of modest merit will not have the luck of an impudent fool. How else is it that men of these disagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world's favour, and seldom fail of outstripping men of talent and virtue, nay, succeed so well that, with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in opposition to general disesteem; while they who are in every sense their superiors languish away their days neglected and in poverty, though possessed of the approbation and good will of all who know them. The truth is, the majority of men are governed more by appearances than realities, and the impudent man in

his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and worth, while the modest or diffident gives himself up as one who is endowed with neither. For this reason men of front carry things before them with little difficulty, and make such skilful use of their talents, that they can grow out of humour like persons of consequence, and be sour, and make even their dissatisfaction do them the same service as desert. This way of thinking is an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversations, but what men will extend themselves furthest and more generally pass upon the crowd for such as their patrons want for particular stations, and consequently take so much responsibility off the hands of those who employ them. They will be useful as servants to Ambition, but never as friends or associates in pleasure. However, it cannot but be recommended to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or in private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum in any circum-

stances they are placed in. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. For it is to be considered as a rule, that there is nothing shameful that is not criminal. Which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every thing he pleases by the mere force of his effrontery, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no true modesty but in self-denial. The proverb says, "Good wits are often hindered by shamefacedness, and perverse conceits are emboldened by impudence." Many have perished because they were too diffident of themselves. J. N.





THE POET AND THE SPORTSMAN.



GENTLY rise, oh ! southern breeze,
Breathing fragrance, gently
rise,
While o'er hills and tufted trees
Streams of glory light the skies !

“ Lo ! the' ascending orb of day !
Sons of earth, he cries, rejoice !
Nature wakes, and ev'ry spray
Sends to Heav'n a grateful voice.

“ While these living glories shine,
That the Almighty hand declare,
Let the song of praise be mine,
Mine the heart-exalting prayer ! ”

Such is Fancy's charmed flight,
Such the Poet's raptured dream ;
While, beneath the orient light,
Nature's countless beauties gleam.

Hark ! what direful sound is there ?
Whence that faint, that piteous cry ?
Horrid war is surely near,
Near, some victim doom'd to die !

'Tis the Sportsman—mark his view,
Glancing on his destined prey ;
Greets he Nature's lovely hue ?
Joys he in her minstrelsy ?

All the rapture, all the joy,
Heaven has pour'd profusely round ;
Like a Cain he would destroy,
And with blood pollute the ground.
PRINCE HOARE.

APPLICATION.

This Fable shows the difference between the mere sensualist and the man of mind, the brute and the intellectual being.

J. N.



THE KINGFISHER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



ONCE on a time a meeting took place between a Nightingale and a Kingfisher: the Nightingale was somewhat humbled at sight of the green and gilded plumage of this dazzling bird, so much superior to that of his own homely colour; when the vain Kingfisher, with all the hauteur of one conscious of possessing the charms of outward beauty, treated the Nightingale with such airs of pride, as forced from that gentle bird this reflection: "I grant, my friend, that the splen-

dour of your plumage is far above my humble appearance, and I must, of course, grant you the claim to the admiration of all beholders: but let it be, at the same time, remembered, that your powers of captivating attract the eye alone, and that your mere skin, when taken off and stuffed with tow, is as amply gratifying to all who see it as it was when occupied by your living self, as in that consisted all your vaunted importance; whilst I, as a compensation for my plain and humble garb, can give notes of such sweet melody, that all who hear feel an earnest desire to retain me as their companion, and ever listen to my song with new delight, and would regret my death as a diminution of their pleasure."

APPLICATION.

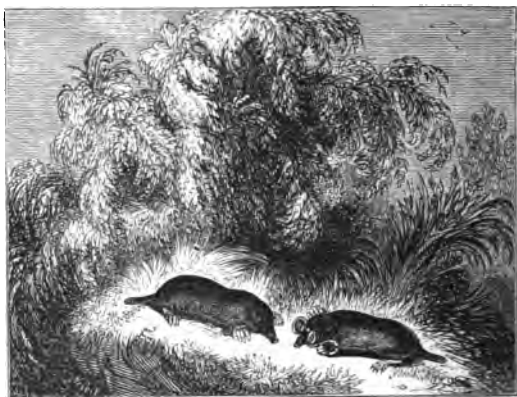
It is virtue alone which can add new softness to female captivations, and even beautifies beauty. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes all care to add to her outward attractions, may be allowed to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a mistress. It is not the form or features alone that will delight for any length of time, but the lustre of the mind which shines, animates, and gives

them their power of vanquishing. Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever may be told her to the contrary, that the most regular features are uninformed and dead.

How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue! it then commands our esteem and love, whilst it attracts our admiration; but the charms of the coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, truth, and good humour, are spiritless and cold.

J. N.





THE MOLE.



THE Mole, having consulted many oculists for the improvement of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but, upon endeavouring to make use of them, his mother shrewdly observed to him, "That spectacles, though they might help the eyes of a man, could be of no use to those of a Mole."

APPLICATION.

There is a dulness in the nature of some men's intellects, like the Mole in the Fable, that renders them incapable of receiving knowledge—their souls are not to be enlightened.



THE FIR-TREE AND THE INSECT.



STATELY Fir-tree, ever green,
In summer's suns or winters
dire,
With pity saw an Insect wing
His airy flight in gay attire.

Cried, "Child of summer, on the wing
In bleak November's gloomy reign,
Deem'st thou so soon the balmy spring
Hath visited the earth again?"

“Short slumb’ring in the torpid nook,
The sun awakens thee too soon,
Awhile to flutter on the brook,
Awhile to sport amid the noon.

“Trust not this fleeting, golden beam,
This genial sky, and soften’d air;
For death will glaze the sparkling stream,
And stretch thee cold and stiffen’d there.

“Thou simple fool! where are the flowers,
The balsam’s dust thou feed’st upon,
The music of the twilight bowers?—
Canst thou not see how all are gone?

‘The sunbeam smiles! enough for thee
The transient bliss its radiance lends;
Thou dost not feel, thou dost not see
The gloomy future that impends.”

FROM THE GERMAN.





THE VIOLET AND THE NIGHTSHADE.



STately plant of Nightshade
 reared its head with contempt
 over an humble Violet that grew
 near its roots, treating the little
 flower with mortifying pride. "It
 is true," said the Violet, "that your lofty height,
 the splendour of your rich purple bellflowers,
 your shining polished berries of jet, and your
 soft velvet foliage, must ever attract the atten-
 tion of all who view you only in public, and
 conclude you would be an ornament to the
 gayest chaplet; but recollect, that those who
 know you thoroughly, and have investigated

your hidden qualities, have discovered that you are filled with deadly venom; and that all who are so unlucky as to fall under the influence of your tyranny, perish in agonizing torture from the effects of your fatal poison. As to myself, I have but little to boast of, and nothing to conceal; my merits and defects are open to all."

APPLICATION.

This Fable gives an example of a character that is but too often to be met with in the world. There are those who with a specious behaviour, a pleasing gaiety, or splendid wit, delight every company into which they enter, so that those who see them only out of their own dwelling conceive them to be paragons of wit and good nature; but if you trace them to their home and inquire of their household, you will often find them to be gloomy, implacable, cruel tyrants, feared and hated by their nearest relations and dependants.

J. N.





THE MONKEYS.



THE Monkeys belonging to a keeper of wild animals were usually confined in a line of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the centre of its front for the tenants' food: but it was to be observed that, when all the Monkeys were supplied with their messes, scarcely any one of them ate of his own pan,—each thrust his arm through the bars, and robbed his right or left hand neighbour: half that was so seized was spilt and lost in the conveyance; and while one Monkey was so unprofitably engaged in plundering, his own pan was exposed to similar depredation.

APPLICATION.

It is impossible not to observe and remark that this example of mingled knavery and absurdity is shockingly human. Had a monkey adviser, however, admonished the tribe of the aggregate of loss to each individual stomach, and beseeched them to commence the reform of honesty each on himself, what monkey would have had sufficient reliance on his neighbour's virtue to be the first to practise the virtue of forbearance? Placing the cages more remotely apart seems the only rational scheme of reform. This checks the vice, as the laws of the land check human depravity; and mortifying it is to reflect that there is no other means known that is so effective. Could but each individual be taught to regulate his own conduct by the rule of right, each would be happier, and virtue would rule the world.

J. N.





THE PEACOCK, THE OWLS, AND THE EAGLE.



s once a Peacock, proud and vain,
 Went brandishing his stately
 train,
 The Owls, his most obsequious
 followers,
 Adoring all the gaudy colours,
 Which still a greater lustre find
 From one black plume display'd behind :
 The Bird who bears the bolt of Jove,
 And guards the throne of realms above,
 Indignant cried, " Unthinking fowl !
 While those blind flatterers swell thy soul

With stupid praise ; your haughty crest
To all wise birds is but a jest ;
For were that tail which does so shine
As really rich as it is fine,
Though any Owl might sure behold
That all that glitters is not gold,
Yet you have no pretence to strut
With such a voice and such a foot."





THE PARROT AND THE SINGING BIRDS.



PARROT flew from his cage into a neighbouring wood, where he criticised the song of the Birds around him. At length they besought him to favour them in return; for no doubt his performance was equal to his criticism.—The Parrot, after due consideration of the request, gravely scratched his head and made this reply: “Gentlemen, I whistle, but I never sing.”

APPLICATION.

Does not this remind one of the elaborate criticisms upon the great works of original genius, which the dull of all times analyse and compare, and contrast and endeavour to subject to systems built absolutely upon the works themselves? Inquire for their own inventions, for what they have added to the stock of genius in the world—the answer is made for them by our Parrot: “They whistle, but they never sing.”

J. N.





THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.



GAUDY painted Butterfly, perched upon a marigold, and full of his own importance, thus began vainly to boast of his extensive travels :

“ I have ranged in shady groves, over spacious lawns and verdant meadows, have wantoned in the rarest gardens, and caught the fragrance of every flower, have enjoyed the coolness of the grot, skimmed over the lake, and boarded the gilded yacht, and proudly flown amid the mansions of the great ; in short, I know no bounds but the bounds of nature.

“Short slumb’ring in the torpid nook,
The sun awakens thee too soon,
Awhile to flutter on the brook,
Awhile to sport amid the noon.

“Trust not this fleeting, golden beam,
This genial sky, and soften’d air;
For death will glaze the sparkling stream,
And stretch thee cold and stiffen’d there.

“Thou simple fool! where are the flowers,
The balsam’s dust thou feed’st upon,
The music of the twilight bowers?—
Canst thou not see how all are gone?

‘The sunbeam smiles! enough for thee
The transient bliss its radiance lends;
Thou dost not feel, thou dost not see
The gloomy future that impends.”

FROM THE GERMAN.





THE VIOLET AND THE NIGHTSHADE.



STATELY plant of Nightshade reared its head with contempt over an humble Violet that grew near its roots, treating the little flower with mortifying pride. "It is true," said the Violet, "that your lofty height, the splendour of your rich purple bellflowers, your shining polished berries of jet, and your soft velvet foliage, must ever attract the attention of all who view you only in public, and conclude you would be an ornament to the gayest chaplet; but recollect, that those who know you thoroughly, and have investigated



PARTY QUARRELS.



FROM toil released, the crafty Indian
roves

Where angry Monkeys growl in
Bantam's groves ;

Pleased he beholds the grinning
faction jar,

And scatters cudgels to promote the war :
To arms at once the chattering heroes fly,
And only to be laugh'd at, fight and die.

APPLICATION.

Thus Party's Sons, by party madness sway'd,
Forget their virtue, manners, sense, and trade ;

While all by turns accuse, by turns deny,
Snarl, wrangle, rail, equivocate, and lie :
The wily scribbler lies conceal'd from day,
Surveys the tumult, and enjoys the fray,
With secret transport hugs his lucky jest,
While knaves with knaves, and fools with fools
contest.





THE LION AND THE JACKAL.



JACKAL, which had been a faithful adherent to the interest of his master the Lion, was now grown old and infirm, so that it moved the Lion to dispense with any future fatigues in his service. "You are aged," said the Lion, "and shall rest in ease as a reward for your former services." The vain Jackal, piqued by the imputation of old age, replied, "That he was as young as ever in power to execute all that could be required of him in the prime of youth." When the very next time in hunting this silly Jackal, in order

to prove his claims to youth and activity, exerted himself with such energy beyond all prudence, that at the end of the chase, perfectly exhausted, he expired at the feet of his master.

“Pitiable fool!” said the Lion; “vanity has been thy destruction. Thou wouldst not consent to be old.”

APPLICATION.

By defying or disregarding the voice of nature and of truth, by permitting vanity or falsehood to triumph over prudence and reason, very many have been cut short in their career.

No art, no boasting, no cunning, will evade the awful power of truth: our vanity may serve to deceive ourselves, but no one else.

Whoever strives against truth and nature will lose the race.

The painted enamelled visage will never pass for youth or beauty: all the world see the folly, except those who attempt at the imposition.

All safety depends on Truth alone, for in her train is every blessing; but falsehood is followed by vexation, perplexity, and disgrace.

J. N.



THE APE AND THE BEAVER.



PERT Ape one day by chance made a visit to the habitations of the Beavers, who were all hard at work in their several departments; and addressing one of those industrious animals, who was busily employed in building a curious house for himself and his family, he began to make his impertinent and silly observations on the most trivial thing that occurred, until the Beaver finding he could not go on with his work, while interrupted by this insignificant intruder, thus sharply reproved him: "Pray leave me,"

said he, "to my labour; go and pay your visits to such only who are as idle as yourself: at least, you should not take up the time of those to whom time is precious, and who make use of every moment to some good purpose, thus reducing them to a level with yourself."

APPLICATION.

Le Joindre, an eminent French artist, had the following pithy sentence written over the door of his study:—"Les gens oisifs sont toujours importuns aux gens occupés*."

Bad habits are as infectious as the plague. The idle make those idle with whom they associate: the vicious libertine debauches or corrupts the innocent mind till it becomes as depraved as its teacher; the quarrelsome create broils wherever they intrude; gamesters make gamesters; and thieves make thieves. There is a tendency in nature to cause everything where it is possible to produce its likeness.

J. N.

* "Those that are idle are always troublesome to those that are occupied."



THE JAY AND THE OWL.



LOQUACIOUS Jay on a certain day paid a morning visit to the Owl who was roosting in his sombre apartments in a barn, where nothing could disturb his gravity, except now and then the appearance of a mouse; otherwise he held the deportment of indescribable wisdom in perfect silence, as was his custom. By these means the Jay engrossed with pleasure all the gossip himself; and after an hour or two had passed, he took a reluctant leave of the silent Owl, declaring that he had

never enjoyed a more instructive or entertaining conversation in the whole course of his life.

APPLICATION.

If we have a desire to be as agreeable as possible to a talkative visitor, the greatest caution must be observed on our part not to interrupt his discourse, as we may be assured that there is nothing can be half so delightful to him as that which comes out of his own mouth. Thus we shall gain his heart, and raise his estimation of our intellect to such a degree, that it will seem only a little inferior to his own.

The tongue is a wild beast very difficult to be chained when once let loose. It is the pulse whereby the wise man finds out the disposition of the soul. There are abundance of people who break their neighbour's head with an ass's jawbone.

J. N.





THE DOG AND THE CRANE.



MONGREL Dog, a surly elf,
Who ne'er loved aught except
himself,
As once, half chew'd, he gorged
his prey,

He found a bone obstruct the way :
Then to the Crane, in feeble tone,
He made the dire disaster known ;
Adding (to make assurance sure)
That vast rewards should pay the cure.
The Crane at once complied, and drew
The latent splinter forth to view.

The savage, freed from pain and fear,
Beheld his friend with scornful sneer ;
“ What ! now, no doubt, you want your hire,
Thou mercenary fool—retire,”
(The graceless ruffian taunting said,)
“ And thank me that you wear your head.”
The generous Bird reply disdain’d,
And spurn’d the ground the wretch profaned,
Look’d up with yet unanger’d eye,
And clapp’d her wings, and sought the sky.
The Dog meantime, with inward pain,
Her careless air and just disdain
Beheld ; he cursed the glorious sight
With all the rage of thwarted spite ;
The keen remorse assail’d him sore,
And gave a pang unfelt before ;
With persevering feet, behind
Him Justice traced, though lame and blind ;
When next he tasted living food,
He found his late mischance renew’d,
Another bone his throat retains,
And doubles all his former pains :
At once a thousand thoughts combined
Like lightning flash’d upon his mind ;
They stung, they blasted, as they came,
With conscious guilt, reproach, and shame :
Cursed dog—to guile more cursed a prey,
He groan’d—as stretch’d on earth he lay.

A bird who heard him thus complain,
Flew straight and told her friend the Crane.
She hastes the' expiring wretch to find,
Who thus display'd his rankling mind :
" Comest thou to blast my dying ear ?
Why ! take thy wish,—I'm bound to bear
Reproach and insult, storm and hate ;
Come all, and urge the hand of Fate."
Conscious of worth superior, smiled
The Crane, and thus his fears beguiled :
" Learn better thoughts—look up and trace
The marks of mercy in my face ;
I court the nobler task to show
That virtue still resides below ;
To make thy stubborn soul believe
There still are those who, wrong'd, relieve ;
Thy life again I come to give,
And more, a pattern how to live."
The Cur, who, still of guile afraid,
Knew death at hand without her aid,
Since now his death could be but sure,
He thought it best to risk a cure.
Again the Crane exerts her art,
The splinter leaves the wounded part :
The Dog, astonish'd, dumb with awe,
The' exalted bounty felt and saw ;
Grovvelling in dust, he durst not meet
Her eye, and crawl'd and lick'd her feet ;

Contempt itself and just disdain
Had given but half the shame and pain.
The Crane with mildness raised her head,
Whilst thus the vanquish'd sinner said :
" Oh ! let me find some happy way
One mite of my vast debt to pay ;
Make me henceforth your faithful slave,
And deign to use the life you gave ;
So shall I dare once more to rise,
Once more to meet those friendly eyes."

The Bird replied, " You owe me nought ;
I've gain'd the sole reward I sought,
The joy, the glory to impart
The virtue that first warm'd the heart ;
To Heaven thy adoration pay,
Its servant I, who, pleased, obey :
Be virtuous then, and bless'd," she said,
Exulting clapp'd her wings, and fled.
The Dog arose, resolved no more
A thief to prowl the forest o'er,
Was ever at his master's side,
A faithful servant till he died.

APPLICATION.

Can the ungrateful render virtue vain
When all may taste the pleasure of the Crane ?
Shall he who sighs for glory dye the field,
When nobler laurels bloodless conquests yield ?

Without return who persevere to bless
The hero's pleasure and his palm possess.
Brave in all fortunes be the generous mind,
Friend to its foes, and to the thankless kind ;
Since the steel'd breast, on which we bounties
shed,
But throws a brighter radiance round the head.





VIRTUE AND HER DAUGHTERS.



VIRTUE had three Daughters, all so exquisitely beautiful and so accomplished in manners, that they seemed to possess every excellence of their mother added to their own, and were distinguished by the name of the Graces. But their chief delight was to be seen conspicuously in royal courts, where, it may be said, they both instructed and learned; and were alike courted, admired, and imitated.

This love of general admiration in them gave their mother some serious thoughts, fearing they might, in a degree, lose their original integrity and simplicity, and affect what they

did not feel. "My Daughters," said she, "perhaps I have never possessed those captivating fascinations which you are so eminent for, as my time has been spent in assemblies less numerous, and of inferior rank, where I have been always sure of a most cordial reception; and have therefore been more safe from all alluring temptations to deviate from the strict rule of right. I beg that you will keep it always in your mind, and never even for one moment forget that you are the offspring of Virtue, otherwise all your charms will soon decay."

APPLICATION.

No doubt but the Court is the first school for charms of manners. There is to be seen an imitation, at least, of all the most excellent qualities and beauties of fine nature; and was it in reality that which it assumes, it would indeed be Paradise; and although it is not real, yet it is still beneficial to see these graceful imitations of Virtue.

We have nothing to do with the hypocrisy that conceals, we are only to survey the beautiful surface, and attempt to acquire in reality that which it pretends to be.

J. N.



THE CARRIER AND HIS HORSE.



CERTAIN Carrier had decorated the best Horse of his team with a ring of bells upon his neck. This ornament appeared to cheer the poor animal by its jingling chime ; which his Master observing, demanded the reason of his being thus gratified. "Because," replied the Horse, "as I am doomed to perpetual drudgery, the music of these bells gives me animation in the course of my daily labours, and seems to invigorate my tired limbs by its cheerful sound."

APPLICATION.

Whilst we sojourn in this world, which has not unaptly been named "the vale of tears," it is a wise measure to receive with gratitude those comforts that nature or accident throw in our way, and not reject the innocent amusements that are within our reach, and which may help to soften the calamities attendant on human life. Why imitate those crazy enthusiasts who slight the proffered blessings, and imagine that they are serving the Deity, when, in fact, they are only wasting their precious hours in gloomy indolence and stupid inactivity; at the same time persuading themselves that they are exceedingly pious, when in reality they are only exceedingly idle; thus keeping their discontented minds in ignorance, and but too often, perhaps, neglecting their more important duties? This brings to mind the answer of Sir Godfrey Kneller, on being irritated by one of those canting bigots, who accused him of being too much devoted to the Art which he professed. He thus answered him:—"When I paint, I consider it as one way at least of offering my devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent which his goodness has graciously blessed me with."

We are not to be outrageous in our devotions and useless penances, and thus imagine we can take heaven by storm; but, on the contrary, should direct our attention in due proportions to all the duties which we are called upon to perform in this life, and we shall find it no easy task to execute them well.

J. N.





THE POET AND THE COBWEBS.



BARD, whose pen had brought
him more
Of fame than of the precious ore,
In Grub Street garret oft reposed
With eyes contemplative half-
closed.

Cobwebs around in antique glory,
Chief of his household inventory,
Suggested to his roving brains
Amazing multitude of scenes.
"This batch," said he, "of murder-spinners,
Who toil their brains out for their dinners,

Though base, too long unsung has lain
By kindred brethren of Duck Lane,
Unknowing that its little plan
Holds all the cyclopede of man.

“This one whose radiated thread
Is everywhere from centre spread,
Like orbs in planetary skies,
Enclosed with rounds of various size,
This curious frame I aptly call
A cobweb mathematical.

“In secret holes, that dirty line,
Where never sun presumes to shine,
With straws, and filth, and time beset,
Where all is fish that comes to net,
That musty film, the Muse supposes,
Figures the web of Virtuosos.

“You, where the gaudy insect sings,
Are cobwebs of the court of kings,
Where gilded threads conceal the gin,
And broider’d knaves are caught therein.

“That holly, fix’d ’mid mildew’d panes,
Of cheerless Christmas the remains
(I only dream and sing its cheer,
My Muse keeps Lent throughout the year),
That holly, labour’d o’er and o’er,
Is cobwebs of the lawyer’s lore,
Where frisky flies, on gambols borne,
Find out the snare, when lost, undone.

“ These dangling webs, with dirt and age,
Display their tatter’d equipage,
So like the antiquarian crew,
That those in every thread I view.

“ Here death disseminated lies,
In shrunk anatomies of flies ;
And amputated limbs declare
What vermin lie in ambush there ;
A baited lure with drugg’d perdition,
A cobweb, not misnamed physician.

“ Those plaited webs, long pendent there,
Of sable bards a subtle snare,
Of all-collective disposition,
Which holds like gout of inquisition,
May well denominated be
The trap-webs of divinity.”

But whilst our Bard described the scene,
A bee stole through a broken pane ;
Fraught with the sweets of every flower,
In taking his adventurous tour,
Is there entrapp’d. Exert thy sting,
Bold bee, and liberate thy wing !
The Poet kindly dropp’d his pen,
And freed the captive from its den ;
Then musing o’er his empty table,
Forgot the moral of his Fable.



THE PEACOCK AND THE OWL.



BEAUTIFUL Peacock, with slow and stately pace, seemed to enjoy the possession of his rich plumage, whilst he spread his splendours in the bright sunshine; when accidentally passing before a barn, in which a grave Owl had taken up his lodgings, he heard himself thus addressed by that sagacious recluse:—"Oh most gorgeous of the feathered race!" he cried; "do not conceive that your superior and enviable beauty is the sole object of observation, but look behind you

and behold the black shadow which ever follows your steps, and is increased in proportion as your beauties are more openly displayed; for your legs are as distinctly seen as your magnificent plumage in the glare of day."

APPLICATION.

It fares with a man of splendid talents exactly like that of the Peacock in the Fable; and although his claim to fame may be ever so just and well deserved, yet it will be accompanied with the display of every error of his life, together with all the misfortunes or disgraces of his kindred; for envy and malice will follow him like his shadow, and do all in their power to poison his cup; and if vanity of having fame be his aim, and not good alone, he will find at last to his mortification that when the good is weighed in the balance against the bad, he has lost full as much as he has gained; or perhaps some evil chance or spirit has thrown into the scale that which will make it kick the beam.

J. N.



THE FLY AND THE SNUFFTAKER.



IN June, when insects flush'd with
sun
Made horses kick and heifers run,
Damon, grown weary of his book,
His trusty snuff-box with him took,
In thoughtless walk to scent the hay,
And pass a sauntering hour away :
He traversed soon the fragrant mead,
And sought the coolness of the shade ;
'Tis true the heat was milder there,
But still the flies were everywhere ;

When thus to one that most did tease,
He utter'd compliments like these :—
“Thou little whiffing volatile,
Whose nothingness might make me smile,
Did not thy great impertinence
Give harmless nose so much offence,
My nose which ne'er offended thee,
Unless thou own'st fraternity
With flatterers, fops, and henpeck'd spouses,
And all the scum of coffee-houses :
All these, I own, my scornful nose
Turns up like the rhinoceros'.”
Thus to the buzzing thing he cried ;
And thus the little Fly replied :—
“I fetch my birth from that great fly
Which nestled in King Jemmy's eye,
Though he had three large kingdoms where
That fly was free to take the air ;
And dost thou, little paltry wit,
Offence at me to take think fit ?
But if a human butterfly,
More busy, pert, and vain than I,
Draws near with smiles and powder'd locks,
She's welcome to thyself and box ;
Thy lip is free to one of those,
Nay, she can lead thee by the nose.”

APPLICATION.

The moral of my tale will prove
This paradox of hate and love ;
Men cautious lesser evils shun,
Yet headlong into greater run.





THE WOLF AND THE ELEPHANT.



T a great congress of the animal creation, where each made his claims to distinction, with an apology for his faults, the Wolf made a most eloquent harangue in excuse for his rapacious and bloodthirsty propensities. "I follow," said he, "the dictates of nature, in eating animal food, as other beasts do theirs in feeding on grass and herbs, and therefore am no more to blame than they are, since our appetites, given by nature, are equally strong, although they differ in the means of gratification."—"Your speech," replied the sagacious

Elephant (who saw a lamb trembling with terror at this awful doctrine), "seems to give the company uneasiness. Revenge and hatred towards those who are bloodthirsty are also natural passions, and therefore, in strict consistency with your own reasoning, we may break your back:" at the same time giving the Wolf a blow with his trunk which exemplified his words.

APPLICATION.

Were such an excuse as the Wolf makes in this Fable suffered to pass among mankind, it would open the way to the excess of every vice; and if some men may plead the influence in themselves of stronger vicious passions than exist in many other men, yet this is not a plea to be admitted by society, who are under the necessity of treating every one according to his conduct and deserts, and of teaching all such by force to regulate and bridle those obnoxious dispositions which it ought to have been their first care to subdue in time, if not wholly to eradicate, for their own benefit, as well as that of others; for men have a power over their appetites which a wolf has not, and are therefore doubly criminal when they err.

J. N.



THE TWO MICE.



Two Mice of wit, who clearly saw
 Feasting was heaven, and will was
 law,
 Disdaining whims by dotards
 taught,
 Of joys possess'd in secret thought,
 Resolved that self their views should bound,
 And each intemperate wish be crown'd,
 Of every scheme preferring this,
 To crowd life's scanty span with bliss :
 And now, their different taste to please,
 One sought for pomp, and one for ease.

The first soon found (so Fortune will'd)
A prelate's pantry nobly fill'd,
Where nature lay disguised in art,
And either India in a tart :
From the state-bed some down he stole,
Of power to lull a titled soul ;
On this he slept amid his store,
And what would e'en ambition more ?
But frequent revels through the house,
Amid this plenty, starved the mouse !
E'en at the noon of peaceful night,
Awaked, he'd start with wild affright.
Resolved, at length, these woes to end,
He, sighing, went to seek his friend,
Whom in a barn, retired from noise,
He fancied wrapp'd in calmest joys.
He reach'd the place—a sylvan scene,
For ever calm, for ever green ;
And while new hopes distend his breast,
These thoughts his anxious friend express'd :—

“ Alas ! to this devoted place,
The seat of dulness and disgrace,
Thy feet what wayward fortune drew ?
I just was setting out for you.
These scenes once pleased, but now they tire,
No new delights awake desire ;
With solitude and silence cursed,
With grief I pine, with spleen I burst.

•

And would you know the fears I feel ?
Yon Owl designs me for a meal."

He ceased. His guest in turn repeats
The plague of pomp and plenty's seats.
Then both agreed, in sad despair,
To run from thence, they knew not where.

Convinced yet wondering, smit with truth,
The wanderers mourn'd departed youth,
With anguish long they devious stray'd,
And reach'd at length a lonely glade :
It seem'd a place where silence caught
Ethereal paths to towering thought ;
Conscious their search for joy was vain,
Alas ! they could no prize obtain,
When one with strange impulse began
To counsel thus both Mouse and Man :—

" 'Tis virtue reigning in the generous heart
Alone can true substantial bliss impart ;
'Tis this strong-beaming, though our noon be
pass'd,
Bids life's short day be splendid to the last ;
Charms pain and sickness in the saint and sage,
And melts to joy the hour of freezing age ;
In want content (unenvied wealth) bestows ;
In sickness patience, and in pomp repose :
All wonders rise at her invoking breath,
A life of rapture from the womb of death."



THE DELICATE HERON.



ONE day the long-billed, long-necked, long-legged Heron was walking on the banks of a river, whose water was transparent as crystal; the carp, the pike, the trout, were wantoning up and down the stream. These the Heron might have caught with the greatest ease; but he thought it better to stay till his appetite was more keen. A little time after, his appetite came to him, and he saw tench rising from the sandy bottom; yet these were not delicate enough for his taste; so he was

resolved to wait for better fare, and, like the mouse in Horace, was fantastically nice. Our bird stayed for more delicate food till not so much as one fish appeared. His hunger was then extreme, and he thought himself happy even to meet with a poor Snail.

APPLICATION.

The delay shown by the bird in the Fable is often exemplified among mankind: many have suffered in neglecting the advantages fortune offers them, until it is too late to retrieve the opportunity they have lost.

J. N.





THE BALM TREE AND THE THORN.



PERT and irritable Thorn, that grew near a stately Balm Tree, frequently upbraided him for his supine disposition, in so tamely submitting to have his sides pierced and bored with sharp iron instruments, and his precious balsams drawn out for the benefit of those for whom he had no concern, and yet suffered all without a murmur.

“True!” answered the Balm Tree, “I patiently suffer the privation of what is valuable to me, and without complaint; but my consolation and recompense is the reflection that

what I part with becomes a healing balsam to thousands who need it ; whilst you, absorbed in self alone, are only remembered by the wounds you inflict on those whose misfortune it has been to have only touched you."

APPLICATION.

If a man be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree in the Fable ; but is it not much better to expose oneself to ingratitude than to be wanting to the relief of the needy ? Ill nature is a contradiction to the laws of Providence, no less than a misfortune to those that have it.

We ought to be satisfied with having done a generous action, and make Virtue her own reward, otherwise we have been prompted by Vanity. Man is created to be kind and to help those who require it ; and therefore when he does a good action he follows the bent and answers the end of his being.

J. N.





THE SKYLARK.



WHEN day's bright banner, first unfurl'd
From darkness, frees the shrouded world,
The Skylark, singing as he soars,
On the fresh air his carol pours ;
But though to heaven he wings his flight,
As if he loved those realms of light,
He still returns with weary wing
On earth to end his wandering.

APPLICATION.

Aspiring bird, in thee I find
An emblem of the youthful mind,

Whose earliest voice, like thine, is given
To notes of joy that mount to heaven ;
But fetter'd by the toils of life,
Its sordid cares, its bitter strife,
It feels its noble efforts vain,
And sadly sinks to earth again.

LITERARY GAZETTE.





THE SWAN AND THE GEESE.



VAIN but stately Swan, who earnestly coveted adulation, found in a waddling Goose the readiest substitute for his purpose. This humble follower paid him profound respect, and complied with all his humours and designs. This favourite selected another Goose, and these called in others of the same cast, such as would be perfectly agreeable to their principal. Thus the Swan soon found himself adored by a little flock, which pleased him for a time; but still he was a Swan, and retained some of the spirit

of his own lofty class, and at last found that he could not rest satisfied with the awkward homage of his low companions, and thus reflected within himself—"How poor a creature am I! If, by any merits of my own, I could have gained such a state of superiority among my own grade as I have over this dull crew, I might have plumed myself upon it. But what am I at this time but the best among a flock of Geese, and not much better than a goose myself?"

APPLICATION.

Great minds may for a while be deceived by folly or oppressed by arrogance, but, like a cork in a tub of water, they will eventually find the surface.





THE LION AND THE WOLF.



LION, having seized on a Wolf, was about to destroy him, when the Wolf craved for mercy, saying, "In what have I ever offended you to raise your enmity against me?"—"You are," said the Lion, "a cruel tyrant over the innocent and weak, who are unable to resist your power, and therefore deserve death."—"Alas!" said the Wolf, "I ought to be pardoned, as I have done no more than follow the example of my formidable and mighty superiors, by whose mode of conduct I

was taught to think I was not doing wrong." The Lion, stung by a sharp rebuke, quitted his prey, and let the Wolf escape.

APPLICATION.

Power is no privilege for violence; it may create some sort of security in the execution, but gives no manner of right to the commission of it, for oppression and injustice are the same thing in an emperor as they are in a pirate or the meanest robber. We are ready enough to perceive those crimes in another that have been totally overlooked by us in ourselves.

J. N.





THE SAGE AND THE LINNET.



HOARY Sage in pensive mood
Sought the recesses of a wood,
And, white with age, a Linnet
found

Carolling forth a joyous sound ;
Wondering he ask'd, " These glooms among,
What joys can prompt thy cheerful song ?
At such an age as thine must be,
Thou own'st a joyous minstrelsy."

The Bird replied, " An exile here,
I rest secure from care or fear,
O'er youthful scenes reflection strays,
And conjures up long fledted days ;

resolved to wait for better fare, and, like the mouse in Horace, was fantastically nice. Our bird stayed for more delicate food till not so much as one fish appeared. His hunger was then extreme, and he thought himself happy even to meet with a poor Snail.

APPLICATION.

The delay shown by the bird in the Fable is often exemplified among mankind: many have suffered in neglecting the advantages fortune offers them, until it is too late to retrieve the opportunity they have lost.

J. N.





THE BALM TREE AND THE THORN.



PERT and irritable Thorn, that grew near a stately Balm Tree, frequently upbraided him for his supine disposition, in so tamely submitting to have his sides pierced and bored with sharp iron instruments, and his precious balsams drawn out for the benefit of those for whom he had no concern, and yet suffered all without a murmur.

“True!” answered the Balm Tree, “I patiently suffer the privation of what is valuable to me, and without complaint; but my consolation and recompense is the reflection that

sequence was that, on the following day, he became very ill with intolerable pain in his head, and sickness and nausea at his stomach; so that when the Sot came to him again, and made his usual confession, the good father said to him, "My son, your repeated crime fills me with wonder, as it appears to me that I cannot deter you from repeating this sin of yours by any greater punishment, nor lay you under a severer penance, than that which Nature itself inflicts on its votaries."

APPLICATION.

It is very extraordinary that the sufferings which the Drunkard feels by experience, and the daily spectacles before his eyes of disease and poverty, the effects of this sin, should not drive him with terror from the commission of it, besides the brutal object to which it reduces a thinking being. But idleness, the root of all evil, commonly prepares the way to this destructive vice.

J. N.





THE MAGPIE AND THE OWL.



PERT conceited Magpie was boasting of his own excellences to the Owl, saying how much he was superior to all the others of his family. When the sagacious Owl thus answered him: "I shall not attempt to argue with you on your superior excellence, when compared with the rest of your family; only I must observe, that we are rarely the most unbiassed judges of our own merits; but the great secret towards acquiring a competent knowledge of one's self is best found by a critical and impartial view of the most con-

spicuous qualities of our nearest of kin, and then return to make a strict examination into ourselves, to discover if there is not some slight tincture at least of a family similitude in respect to those propensities which we so often can distinctly descry and despise in those very nearly allied to us by nature."

APPLICATION.

The aphorism of "nosce teipsum" (know thyself) is soon spoken; but then it is a long while in accomplishing. Gracian was placed among the seven wise men for having been the author of this maxim; "but never," replies the sage, "was any one placed there for having performed it; some men know as little of themselves as they know a great deal of other men." The fool knows better what is done in his neighbour's house than in his own; and some argue more about what does not concern them than of what should interest them in the highest degree.

J. N.





THE CROCODILE AND SNAKE.



CROCODILE, cautiously creeping out of the river in search of prey, saw a Snake at some little distance from him, which he intended to seize and devour, by way of whetting his appetite, till he found a better prize. But it chanced that the wily Snake espied him in due time to save himself, and prudently withdrew to a proper distance. The Crocodile, thus defeated in his intention, affected sorrow, and wept a shower of tears, as if mortified at the slight shown to his approach.

was taught to think I was not doing wrong." The Lion, stung by a sharp rebuke, quitted his prey, and let the Wolf escape.

APPLICATION.

Power is no privilege for violence; it may create some sort of security in the execution, but gives no manner of right to the commission of it, for oppression and injustice are the same thing in an emperor as they are in a pirate or the meanest robber. We are ready enough to perceive those crimes in another that have been totally overlooked by us in ourselves.

J. N.





THE SAGE AND THE LINNET.



HOARY Sage in pensive mood
Sought the recesses of a wood,
And, white with age, a Linnet
found

Carolling forth a joyous sound ;
Wondering he ask'd, " These glooms among,
What joys can prompt thy cheerful song ?
At such an age as thine must be,
Thou own'st a joyous minstrelsy."

The Bird replied, " An exile here,
I rest secure from care or fear,
O'er youthful scenes reflection strays,
And conjures up long fledged days ;

Bidding the thought-dejected heart ascend
To that bless'd place where every care shall end.
The youngest, Charity—a seraph guest !
With clement goodness warms the social breast,
Her boundless view, and comprehensive mind,
Sees and pursues the weal of humankind ;
And taught to emulate the throne above,
Grasps all creation in the links of love.
Yet two of these, though daughters of the sky,
Boast short duration, and are born to die ;
For Faith shall end in vision, Hope in joy.
While Charity, immortal and sublime,
Shall mock the darts of Death and wreck of time ;
When Nature sinks, herself the prey of fire,
And all the monuments of art expire,
She shall emerge, triumphant from the flame,
The same her lustre, and her worth the same ;
Confess'd shall shine to saints and angels known,
Approved, distinguish'd near the' eternal throne.





THE MOLE BECOME A CONNOISSEUR.



THE self-sufficient conceited Mole, without the faculties of hearing, smelling, or seeing, would still, forsooth, set himself forward as a complete judge and connoisseur in all matters of taste; and to show his superior perception and nice discrimination, he declared that he held in scorn the gaudy plumage of the peacock, as well as the notes of the nightingale, since, in his estimation, they were only fit to give delight to the vulgar; when a Skylark, who had seen the world and its beauties from on high, overheard this dull critic, and thus reproved him: "Pitiable insen-

sibility!" said he; "but as you are incapable of appreciating those excellencies which you affect to despise, it is unfortunate for you that you were not dumb as well as deaf and blind, and so might have escaped the exposure of your ignorance."

APPLICATION.

No one is required or expected to be possessed of all knowledge; yet it is to be demanded of every one to understand the subject on which he presumes to become a critic. But there is a daring boldness, proceeding from want of feeling, that often makes the most ignorant pretenders distribute the proportions of praise or failure, according to their own opinions on any subject, with such confidence as to startle the real judge who hears them. J. N.





LOW AMBITION.



BEGGAR'S Boy, who was to be tried for theft, entered the court surrounded by the officers of justice. "Jack," says he to one of his companions, "am not I a great man, sirrah, to make such a bustle as this in the world, and to be thus attended? When will you come to such a distinction, you little inconsiderable blockhead?"

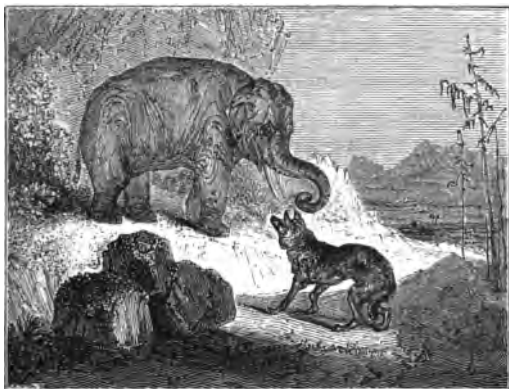
APPLICATION.

The instance given in the Fable, preposterous as it may seem, is not out of nature. The

excessive vanity of some men makes them so desirous of distinction, that, not having talents sufficient for great works, nor the humble virtue of industry to produce the lesser fame, yet, rather than pass through life unnoticed, will glory in being remarkable for their vices or their follies. This low and base ambition has been fatal to thousands, and has led them into vices, which their hearts could never sanction, merely for the sake of boasting of their prowess.

J. N.





THE ELEPHANT AND THE WOLF.



AN artful rogue of a wolf came to a stately Elephant, and humbly begged to be received as one of his dependents, imagining it might be of some advantage to him to be in the retinue of such a noble protector; but the sagacious Elephant, who well knew the vile nature of the animal, plainly told him that he had been credibly informed of his bloodthirsty character. This made the Wolf prick up his ears, and most earnestly prayed that his excellency the Elephant would inform

him what secret enemy had thus traduced his character. "Why, then, to be short with you," said the Elephant, "I must say that I gained the information from your own mouth; for, at this present moment, I see it is all besmeared with blood." After receiving this answer, of course, the Wolf withdrew with all convenient speed.

APPLICATION.

It is in vain for a rogue in grain to pass himself off as an honest man. It may be discovered in his countenance, even before we are acquainted with his actions. Nature seems to have put a stamp on such characters, to forewarn us of our danger, like the noise in the tail of the Rattlesnake; so you may know a sot by the scent of his breath.

J. N.





THE HUNTED DEER.



HUNTED Deer, after enduring a very hard chase, was worn out with fatigue, and reduced to the utmost extremity. The devoted victim, without a murmur or a groan, but with an expression of anguish that appeared little less than human, let fall tears: when a Philosopher, who had witnessed the scene, calmly remarked, "That had any one of the company of hunters present been in the place of the suffering object of their sport, he would not have made his exit with such silent dignity."

APPLICATION.

An innocent sufferer, who bears calamity without impatience or complaint, appears an object almost sublime, and gains our sympathy and interest to an extraordinary degree. The calm and philosophic dignity of patience under misfortune, moves our admiration, our love, and our pity at the same moment, and we share in the calamity as if it were in part our own. It even creates a desire in us to emulate such heroic virtue and courage; and, terrible as their state may be, they still seem to be our superior.

J. N.





VIRTUE AND VICE.



VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty powers,
Who rule this motley world of ours,
Disputed once which govern'd
best,

And whose dependents most were
bless'd ;

Their logic wasted and their wit,
Nor one nor t'other would submit ;
But both the doubtful point consent
To clear, by fair experiment :
For this some mortal they declare,
By turns, shall both their bounty share ;

And either's power to bless him tried,
Shall then the long dispute decide.

On Hodge they fix, a country boor,
As yet, rough, ignorant, and poor.
Vice first exerts her power to bless,
And gives him riches in excess;
With gold she taught him to supply
Each rising wish of Luxury.
Hodge grew, at length, polite, and great,
And lived like ministers of state.

One morning, as in easy chair
Hodge sat with ruminating air,
Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to say
(Whilst patient Virtue all the while
Stood listening with a gracious smile):
" Know, favour'd mortal! know, that I
The pleasures of your life supply;
I raised thee from the clay-built cell,
Where want, contempt, and slavery dwell;
And, as each joy on earth is sold,
To purchase all, I gave thee gold:
This made the charms of beauty thine;
This bless'd thee with the joys of wine;
This gave thee, in the rich repast,
Whate'er can please the tutor'd taste:
Confess the blessings I bestow,
And pay the grateful thanks you owe.

My name is Vice." Cried Hodge (and sneer'd),
" Long be your mighty name revered !
Forbid it, Heaven ! thus bless'd by you,
That I should rob you of your due :
To wealth 'twas you that made me heir,
And gave, for which I thank your care.
Wealth brought me wine, 'tis past a doubt ;
And wine (see here's a leg)—the gout.
This beauty brought, and with the dame.
Disease, a bless'd companion ! came.
And now, to show how much I prize
The joys which from your bounty rise ;
Each coupled with so dear a brother,
I'll give you one to take the other.
Avant ! depart from whence you came,
And thank your stars that I am lame."
Enraged and grieved, away she flew,
And all her gifts from Hodge withdrew.

Now, in his sad repentant hour,
Celestial Virtue tried her power :
For wealth content the goddess gave,
That unknown treasure to the slave !
From wild desires she set him free,
And fill'd his breast with charity :
No more loud tumults riot breeds,
And temperance gluttony succeeds.

Hodge, in his native cot at rest,
Now Virtue found, and thus address'd :—

“ Say, for 'tis yours by proof to know,
Can Virtue give the bliss below ;
Content my gift, and temperance mine,
And charity, though meek, divine? ”

With blushing cheeks, and kindling eyes,
The man, transported, thus replies :—

“ My goddess ! on this favour'd head
The life of life thy blessings shed ;
My annual thousands when I told,
Insatiate still I sigh'd for gold ;
You gave content—a boundless store !
And, rich indeed ! I sigh'd no more :
With temperance came, delightful guest !
Health, tasteful food, and balmy rest ;
With Charity's seraphic flame,
Each generous social pleasure came ;
Pleasures which in possession rise,
And retrospective thought supplies :
Long to attest it may I live,
That all Vice promises, you give ! ”

Vice heard, and swore that Hodge, for hire,
Had given his verdict like a liar ;
And Virtue, turning with disdain,
Vow'd ne'er to speak to Vice again.



THE BEACON AND THE CHANDELIER.



IN a lordly hall, in which a gay company were assembled to dance and to feast, there was suspended a splendid Chandelier, surrounded by walls covered with the richest hangings of silk and velvet, that prevented even the possibility of a transient breeze from agitating its brilliant light.

At a distance, through a window, was discovered a Beacon upon an exposed headland, whose warning light shone out amidst rain and

storm, and burning bright when all the elements around seemed combined for its extinction. The pompous Chandelier threw his rays with contempt towards his supposed rude and beggarly inferior, and shone with conscious pride whilst enjoying the vast superiority of his exalted situation: when a voice, sounding from a solemn organ that stood in the room, thus reproved him: "Do not so quickly congratulate yourself in your fancied superiority; but recollect that you are only the servile assistant to the youthful pastime of the gay triflers of a moment; whilst yonder flame, like light from heaven, forewarns the forlorn mariner of his danger, and guides him safely into the haven, braving all storms to execute its office."

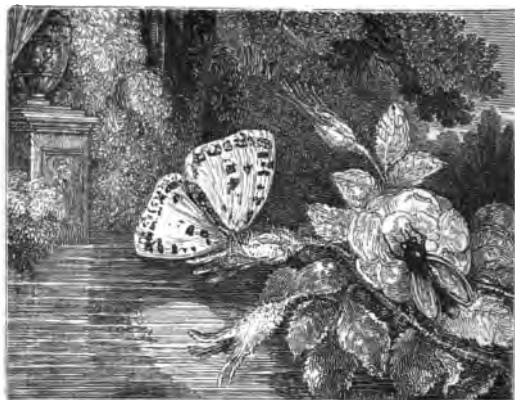
APPLICATION.

We should not be deceived by external show and pomp, so as to suppose or mistake them to be the proofs of virtue or true greatness of soul, or imagine they are the usual concomitants of the noblest qualities, although they may sometimes be so. An heroic and virtuous mind, bravely struggling with the evils of life, and yet performing, to the best of its abilities,

its duties to society, is a much grander object of contemplation than the splendour of wealth and power, although not so conspicuous or so much noticed.

J. N.





THE VAIN BUTTERFLY.



BUTTERFLY, of haughty race,
 Upon a rose-bud took its place;
 That way a stream its course
 directed,
 Which all her various hues re-
 flected.

These view'd, the foolish thing grew vain,
 And thus she sung in lofty strain :
 " How charming am I to behold !
 My wings adorn'd with shining gold ;
 See, here the emerald's green is spread,
 And here appears a ruby red :
 All colours that can charm the sight,
 Upon my varied wings unite.

Beauties, like mine, must have their charms,
For beauty every breast alarms.
That I have charms, who can dispute?
E'en Envy's self must there be mute.
All nature seems on me to smile,
For pleasure made, and not for toil.
I other insects view with scorn,
That are for menial purpose born :
As thus for instance, yonder Bee,
What is he when compared to me?
My life is always debonair,
His nought but labour mix'd with care."

"Hold, prating fool," the Bee replies ;
"Attend to me—for once be wise :
The labouring Bees your pride disdains
Bring from their labours noble gains ;
And when the summer seasons die,
Their labours winter's wants supply ;
They live upon their toil-bought store,
When your vain race are known no more ;
And when your boasted beauty dies,
Their prudence every want supplies.
Then learn from this, thou painted fool !
"Tis prudence gains the promised goal."

APPLICATION.

Frail beauty every season loses power,
Whilst prudence strengthens to its latest hour.



THE PHAETON AND ONE-HORSE CHAIR.



HELTER'D and old, a One-horse
Chair,

By some mischance, was doom'd
to share

The squire's gaudy Phaeton's shed,
Whose brilliant sides of glowing red
Display'd at once a dazzling hue,
With harness bright, and lining new,
Blush'd deeper at the degradation
Of his unusual situation,
In being station'd cheek-by-jowl,
With such a vile plebeian soul,

And thus, in haughty strain, begun
 To taunt the luckless Chaise and One :
 " How could my master place thee here,
 To vulgarize my atmosphere ?
 Your homely make, believe me, man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic plan,
 And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design'd :
 Fit only, with a one-eyed mare,
 To drag for benefit of air
 The country parson's ruddy wife
 (That friend of dull domestic life),
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school,
 To carry Dicky on a stool ;
 Or, haply, to some christening gay,
 A brace of godmothers convey ;
 Or when bless'd Saturday prepares,
 For London tradesmen rest from cares,
 'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial Sunday !
 Meantime remember, lifeless drone,
 I carry bucks and bloods alone ;
 And oh ! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn, at Abingdon or Henley,
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels ?
 And think, obedient to the throng,
 How yon gay street we smoke along ;

While all, with envious wonder, view
The corner turn'd so quick and true!"

To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus the One-horse Chair replied :—
" Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief, what quick transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
On us pray spare your keen reproaches;
From One-horse Chairs men rise to coaches,
If calm Discretion's steadfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command:
From me fair health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft comfort spreads her wings;
And Innocence reflects her ray,
To gild my calm sequester'd way.
E'en kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-horse Chair.
Let Folly's sons then vainly prize
A rattle of a larger size."

APPLICATION.

Things may be useful, though obscure;
The pace that's slow is often sure.
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes;
The *golden mean* can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial *show*.



THE TIGER AND THE FOX.



HE cunning Fox became a most extraordinary favourite with a savage Tiger, by filling his ears perpetually with the grossest flattery. This so highly delighted the Tiger, that he would often roll on the ground in ecstasy at hearing the catalogue of his unsuspected high qualities; and, in return, indulged the Fox with the choicest bits out of all the prey that he caught. Thus the Fox feasted sumptuously every day without care or labour. Yet this artful Fox in secret despised the vain tyrant that could swallow this fulsome

adulation, and be such a dupe as not to discern that it was offered wholly from selfish and interested motives.

APPLICATION.

It is often surprising, notwithstanding its frequency, to see how voraciously the grossest flattery is received and rewarded by the vain dupes of artifice! Yet one should think it must be known to all, that it is the easiest to practise, and the meanest, of all the ways by which the favour of the powerful can be obtained.

Flattery is a cordial to a vain, restless, or an unworthy mind; and even the best are not so satisfied in their own sufficiency, but that a little help is often very consoling: even where it is given gratis, it creates some pleasure in the most honest, and soothes our pride by its appearance of homage, although we may not receive it as truth.

J. N.





THE MOTH, GRASSHOPPER, AND BEE.



IN a fine summer's morning a gaudy
 Moth happened to light near a
 Grasshopper on a green lawn.
 "Well met," said the Grasshop-
 per; "this is a morning just fit
 for such idle gentry as ourselves." A bustling
 Bee, who overheard this harangue, immediately
 joined the company, and addressed the Grass-
 hopper: "True," said the Bee, "you are,
 indeed, a couple of idlers, and in that respect,
 at present, much upon a par. But recollect,
 that there is this difference between you: this
 fine-winged Moth, now so gaudy and so idle,

was originally a humble worm, and then employed her time in unremitting industry, and spun a thread of which the robes of royalty are made. It was not till she was lifted from her lowly station into higher life that she knew not how to conduct herself with becoming propriety, and grew worse than useless by helping time to destroy the very work that her virtuous labours had composed, and became from the time of her exaltation as vain, idle, and worthless as yourself; whose whole life has been spent from beginning to end in hopping and singing."

APPLICATION.

There are abundance of persons who, in humble and confined circumstances, are seen to conduct themselves with admirable prudence and propriety; and yet, lift them into a higher sphere, and increase their power, we shall see humours and passions present themselves that we had no notion they possessed. For as our powers of action are increased, so much the more are the virtues required to act; and if we have not their assistance, it had been better to have remained in an humble and obscure situation.

J. N.



THE OAK AND THE HONEYSUCKLE.



HERE chanced to grow at the foot
of a stately Oak an humble Honey-
suckle, who thus in plaintive
accents craved its protection :

“ Most lordly Oak ! vouchsafe to grant
Protection to a feeble plant ;
Which asks no happier fate to find,
Than round thy friendly trunk to wind ;
Beneath thy spreading shade allow
These leaves to shoot, these flowers to blow ;
So shall no hand barbaric dare
To rend thy leaves that time would spare ;

To strew thy acorns o'er the ground,
Or on thy bark inflict a wound :
I'll guard that bark with pious care,
And scent thy leaves with fragrant air."

APPLICATION.

Every connexion we may make with the virtuous or the wise, be they high or be they low, is sure, at some time or other, to be of service to us, and may help us when we could not help ourselves, although it may never be known from whence the benefit came; such combinations generally and naturally are productive of good. The powerful may protect the virtuous and weak from unjust attacks, and assist them in their struggles in life; and the watchfulness or advice of the wise and good may ward off many evils and annoyances to which even the most powerful are liable. No one can be aware of the accidental advantages that may accrue from an humble and grateful friend.

J. N.





THE HARE AND THE BRAMBLE.



HARE, closely pursued, thought it
prudent and meet
To a Bramble for refuge awhile
to retreat ;
He enter'd the covert, but, enter-
ing, found
That briers and thorns did on all sides abound ;
And that, though he was safe, yet he never
could stir,
But his sides they would wound, or would tear
off his fur ;

He shrugg'd up his shoulders, but would not
complain :

“ To repine at small evils,” quoth Puss, “ is in
vain ;

That no bliss can be perfect, I very well know ;
But from the same source good and evil both
flow ;

And full sorely my skin though these briers
may rend,

Yet they keep off the dogs, and my life will
defend :

For the sake of the good, then, let evil be borne ;
For each sweet has its bitter, each Bramble its
thorn.”





THE PEACH AND THE POTATO.



RIPE Peach fell from the tree, and by chance alighted near a Potato. The delicate Peach, with scorn surveying its vulgar neighbour, thus exclaimed, "Oh! that I had but power to roll myself to a greater distance from this dirty thing, so unfit to appear in my company." The humble Potato, who overheard this haughty speech, mildly replied, "I do acknowledge the vast superiority you have over me, in those splendid hues of your

beautiful complexion, which so delight the eye; but recollect, that all your charms are but momentary, and even at this instant are beginning to decay, and will soon perish; but, if I am deficient in your outward graces, I am your superior in more useful qualities. How often does my appearance spread a smile upon the cheek of labour, whilst you are destined only to gratify the palate of sated luxury!

APPLICATION.

That beauty of person is a desirable gift of nature cannot be denied; but then it should be remembered, at the same time, that it is one of nature's most perishable gifts, and but too often proves the ruin of its possessors, and, therefore, should not fill us with pride and contempt for those who have it not; nor should we value so highly an advantage which is purely accidental. There are many other blessings which nature has to bestow upon mankind that are more durable, more useful to ourselves and to society, beneficial or agreeable talents, that will merit the esteem of the world; and if we shine in a superior degree in virtue or wisdom, good and wise men will regard and acknow-

ledge the titles we deserve; or if, indeed, our powers be so limited that we cannot accomplish much, let it always be remembered that it is our duty, and ought to be our pride, to pay homage to the Virtues rather than to the Graces.

J. N.





THE YOUNG LADY AND THE PIG.



YOUNG Lady, having taken a predilection to a Pig, made it the principal object of her attention, kept it perfectly clean, so that it appeared as white as snow, and adorned its neck with a rich collar. One day this little favourite, following her into the farm-yard, espied a mud-pool in the corner, when, instantly leaving his mistress, and running into the midst of the mud, he soon made himself in such a filthy condition by wallowing in it, that he could no longer be admitted into genteel company. He was accordingly dismissed to

associate with his own kind, leaving his mistress to regret that she had bestowed her kindness upon an undeserving object.

APPLICATION.

There are certain individuals of so perverse a nature that, in spite of the most careful attention having been bestowed upon their education, are no sooner left to act for themselves, than they throw away all the advantages which a kind fortune has allotted them, and, as if drawn by magnetic power, fly with haste to poverty, vice, and misery.

J. N.





THE LION, THE DOG, AND THE APE.



PITIFUL parasite of an Ape had, by base flattery, got the entire ascendancy over the stately Lion, so as frequently to cause him to act contrary to his noble disposition, and to the injury of his high reputation and character. The honest Dog saw with regret this deluded noble animal, and one day took the liberty to hint to him the evil consequences this sycophant might involve him in by his flattery and falsehood. "I cannot give credit to what you say," replied the Lion;

“for to me the Ape always says the plain truth, and flattery is of all things what I most detest.” The Dog still stood firm, saying he had heard, with his own ears, this very Ape give the grossest and most false praise to animals the most undeserving of it; for instance, he had heard him praise the Goat for the youthful beauty of his countenance; the Hog, for his excessive cleanliness and the delicacy and niceness of his feeding; the Bear, as being in possession of all the graces; and the Ass for the captivating harmony of his voice.—“Well,” said the Lion, “but in justice let him have a fair trial, and if you prove your charge against him, he shall die the most cruel of all deaths.” Accordingly a day was fixed, and the witnesses were all present to be interrogated by the Dog. The Ape also was there, but paid very little attention to what was going on, and amused himself in the mean time by cracking nuts and eating apples. When the Goat, the Hog, the Bear, and the Ass heard the accusation against the Ape brought forward by the Dog, they, one and all, were struck with astonishment, and each denied the charge against the Ape on their own part. Then the Ape came forward, saying, “My good friends, did you ever know me utter, in

your hearing, an untruth, or speech of flattery?" "Never, never, never!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter.—"No, no; yours is the voice of truth!"—"You find," said the Lion, "you cannot prove your charge against this honest Ape, on whom you wanted to inflict a cruel death, which you well deserve yourself to suffer instead of him; but as I think your accusation proceeded more from ignorance than malice, I grant you pardon, as being more fool than knave:" and then dismissed the court; and thus the flattering lying Ape gained his cause by his vice.

APPLICATION.

In respect to flattery, it is nothing but self-love at home that provokes and invites flattery from abroad; for the disposition of one man to receive it encourages another to give it; besides, that flattery which appears nauseous and absurd, when we hear it given to another, would be received as a cordial, if given to ourselves. The one appears like a view of the stage from behind the scenes, where we see all its artifices and slovenliness; the other like a view from the arena, when all appears perfectly correct and pleasing. Flattery can never take hold of any man, so as to corrupt him, that did

not first flatter himself; for it is a vain opinion of ourselves that lays us open to be imposed upon by others; yet to be sincere is always dangerous, even when we are charged to be so.

Sincerity is no match in a contest with flattery, which will always find assistance; whilst sincerity will be deserted and left to fight out its own battle.

J. N.





THE OSTRICH.



AN Ostrich, being hard pursued by hunters, endeavoured to make his escape by flight; but that failing, he next thought of hiding himself from their view, and, according to the accustomed folly of those birds, concluded that when the enemy was hid from his sight, he was likewise hid from theirs, and in consequence thrust his silly head into a thicket, at the same time leaving his whole body fully exposed to view, when of course he was immediately seized and caged.

APPLICATION.

This Fable is a true representation of many who, in attempting to deceive the world, become, like the Ostrich, their own dupes, and by a wilful blindness render themselves the objects of contempt and ridicule to all those who see their nakedness, vanity, and falsehood.

J. N.





THE BEES AND THE SNAIL.



It chanced on a time that an unlucky Snail made his entry into the aperture of a Bee Hive, where he was no sooner espied by the busy community than rage and indignation filled every little breast; and a council being called, it was resolved unanimously, that such an intruder on their peace and good order deserved no less punishment than death. They then immediately, with as little ceremony as mercy, flew upon their helpless victim and stung him till he died. This

feat being accomplished, they returned triumphant to their accustomed occupation. But now comes the sequel, the consequence of their hasty and cruel act; for they soon found that the dead Snail was become a much greater nuisance than when living, and that the tainted air of the hive grew daily more and more insufferable. What was now to be done? was the question. To remove a substance of that bulk was beyond their power, and they sorely repented of the rash action which had brought so heavy a calamity upon them; finding by bitter experience that what at first was but a small inconvenience, and could easily have been got rid of by the departure of the Snail, which might have been effected by gentle means, thus, by precipitate rage, was turned into an evil of such magnitude as threatened the destruction of the whole Hive. There was now but one remedy to lessen this evil, which was with much labour and patience to enshrine this pestiferous annoyance in a case of wax, which, after great toil and time, was accomplished.

APPLICATION.

The above circumstance, though given in the form of a Fable, is a strict matter of fact recorded in the history of bees, and is often

exemplified in the actions and passions of mankind, who, from pride, impatience, revenge, or want of foresight, have, by endeavouring to rid themselves of a small and transient evil, drawn a serious calamity upon their heads.

J. N.





THE WARRIOR AND CLIIO.



CERTAIN warlike Prince having demanded of Clio, the nymph of history, one of the best cut pens she had, she gave him a quill that was not cut at all, saying, that it belonged to him to cut it with his sword; and if that cut well, the pen would write the better.

APPLICATION.

This admonition of Clio was given in order to make the Warrior understand that if he made a glorious use of his sword, her pen would not

fail to write well of him ; and that it was not the writing, but men's great actions, that rendered them immortal in history. This Fable is equally applicable to all who aim at immortality : to the powerful, the learned, the wise, and even the virtuous ; as it must be from the man's actions in life that the truth only can be ascertained, for falsehood and flattery will not stand the test of time.

J. N.





THE PHILOSOPHER AND GODDESS OF POVERTY.



GRAVE Philosopher, grown grey
with care,

To Poverty's scorn'd Goddess
made his prayer:

"Pale Want! thou spectre of
consumptive hue,

If thou delight to haunt me still in view;
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue (as thou art) my friend.
When wide example bids me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,
Bid me the baneful error counsell'd see,
And shun the world, to find repose in thee!

your hearing, an untruth, or speech of flattery?" "Never, never, never!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter.—"No, no; yours is the voice of truth!"—"You find," said the Lion, "you cannot prove your charge against this honest Ape, on whom you wanted to inflict a cruel death, which you well deserve yourself to suffer instead of him; but as I think your accusation proceeded more from ignorance than malice, I grant you pardon, as being more fool than knave:" and then dismissed the court; and thus the flattering lying Ape gained his cause by his vice.

APPLICATION.

In respect to flattery, it is nothing but self-love at home that provokes and invites flattery from abroad; for the disposition of one man to receive it encourages another to give it; besides, that flattery which appears nauseous and absurd, when we hear it given to another, would be received as a cordial, if given to ourselves. The one appears like a view of the stage from behind the scenes, where we see all its artifices and slovenliness; the other like a view from the arena, when all appears perfectly correct and pleasing. Flattery can never take hold of any man, so as to corrupt him, that did

not first flatter himself; for it is a vain opinion of ourselves that lays us open to be imposed upon by others; yet to be sincere is always dangerous, even when we are charged to be so.

Sincerity is no match in a contest with flattery, which will always find assistance; whilst sincerity will be deserted and left to fight out its own battle.

J. N.





THE OSTRICH.



N Ostrich, being hard pursued by hunters, endeavoured to make his escape by flight; but that failing, he next thought of hiding himself from their view, and, according to the accustomed folly of those birds, concluded that when the enemy was hid from his sight, he was likewise hid from theirs, and in consequence thrust his silly head into a thicket, at the same time leaving his whole body fully exposed to view, when of course he was immediately seized and caged.

APPLICATION.

This Fable is a true representation of many who, in attempting to deceive the world, become, like the Ostrich, their own dupes, and by a wilful blindness render themselves the objects of contempt and ridicule to all those who see their nakedness, vanity, and falsehood.

J. N.



tured to approach it, when, finding no interruption to his bold intrusion, he came nearer and nearer, till he discovered it to be only an outward show of power, without the ability of doing either good or harm. Having ascertained this, he saucily perched upon it in triumph, which being seen by all the various inhabitants of air, the hint was not lost upon them: they quickly followed his example, and soon made this mock Eagle their resting-place, exercising towards it every indignity their contempt could devise.

APPLICATION.

This pompous Image of an Eagle suggests to our minds a just representation of that class of persons who make a great show with very slender means, affecting to be personages of great consequence and fortune; they, by this specious appearance and imitation of their betters, are at first viewed with considerable respect by the multitude, till at length, their false pretensions being discovered, they become the universal objects of ridicule and contempt.

J. N.



THE ASS AND THE LAMB.



N idle, sluggish Ass, to screen himself from work, lay down in a hovel, making a grievous outcry, as if heavily oppressed by want and disease, when quickly a multitude of animals came to succour and offer him their help; for it was noticed that every time a favour was bestowed upon this lazy beast, he took especial care to proclaim it aloud by such violent brayings of acknowledgment, that it became known to every creature in the adjacent wood, and echo returned the sound. At the same moment a poor innocent

Lamb lay really perishing from sickness and want; but none came near to offer relief in her extremity. "Why," said she, "am I so totally deserted in my misery, whilst my neighbour, the Ass, gains so many helpers?"—"Because," said a cunning Fox, who overheard her moan, "the Ass well knows that by shouting aloud on the bounty he receives, and making it public, he frequently gratifies the vanity of those who require publicity in return for their favours, but feel no inclination from compassion or charity to put themselves to any inconvenience for objects of distress, where they would be received with silent gratitude, and only known between themselves."

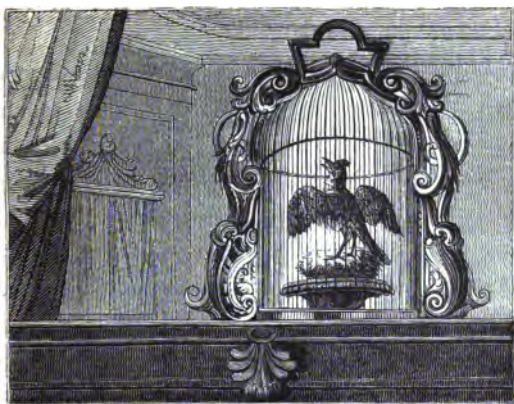
APPLICATION.

What we frequently attribute to liberality is too often little more than vanity: we are more pleased with the appearance it makes than with the service it produces to the sufferer.

Take from men ambition and vanity, says Seneca, and you will have neither heroes nor patriots.

If we had good sense and impartiality enough to see the cause of many of our best actions, we should find but little reason to be proud of them.

J. N.



THE ENCAGED SKYLARK.



SKYLARK that had been entrapped into a cage, made (while fluttering his wings) this lamentation: "These blessed plumes," said he, "are bestowed upon me from Heaven to range at pleasure in unbounded space; but my captivity in this narrow prison, which renders them useless, is the result of my own conduct alone. Wretch that I am! not to have duly estimated the value of that which nature had given me, but I must forfeit all my happiness by my folly, in allowing myself to be deluded by the artful."

APPLICATION.

Nothing is more common in us than that of not paying a due regard to the cultivation and improvement of those advantages which nature may have bestowed upon us for our well-being, but which we too often neglect to follow some alluring and deceitful pleasure that may gratify our vanity or curiosity for a short time, but may in the end produce misery or ruin ; when, on the other hand, a proper attention to the improvement of our best faculties by industry and care would have led us to prosperity and happiness.

J. N.





THE PETTY TYRANTS.



FARM-YARD was well stocked with poultry of various sorts, among which an imperious Peacock bore the sway, and exercised his tyranny on his humble imitator the Turkey-cock, whom he hated for being a caricature of himself. The Turkey, not daring to make a return of this ill-usage on the aggressor, poured out all his rage on the poor Gander; who, being in the same predicament with his oppressor, vented his anger on a pert dunghill Cock; who having nothing below him

but a waddling Drake, made him his butt; the Drake had nothing left on which to show his importance but now and then to snap at the helpless Chicken that came within his reach.

APPLICATION.

This Fable is but too true a picture of a large portion of the human species, who, having the means in their power to be happy, and make others so, still, from folly, generate misery to themselves and their dependents by the exercise of pride, tyranny, and ill-humour. J. N.





THE PRUDENT FATHER.



N over-fond Father had so indulged his infant son, that at last he expected to have all his whimsical demands immediately gratified; and whenever his wishes were not readily complied with, he would threaten to drown himself. This was at last carried to so great a length, that the Father determined to resist; and one day, when the Urchin made a most unreasonable request, which the Father refused to grant, the insolent Boy cried out, "That he would go instantly

and drown himself," and ran out of the house towards the water-side. Here he prudently made a stop, that his Father, who he saw was close behind him, might have the opportunity to prevent his threat from being carried into execution. His Father, quite contrary to the Boy's expectations, gave him a sudden push, and forced him over the bank into the shallow water beneath, saying, "Now drown thyself." This soon changed the young gentleman's tone, who, thoroughly frightened, cried out piteously for help; when the Father took him up, and led the dripping penitent home again, who never afterwards dared to attempt the same experiment.

APPLICATION.

Too much severity, or too much indulgence, teem with mischief to its object. Overmuch indulgence is in general the most pernicious, as it tends to create a tyrant, who becomes the tormentor of himself, and the abhorrence of all those that have to do with him.

J. N.



THE APE AND THE FOX.



AN Ape had been very insolent to several animals more worthy than himself, but assumed much consequence on being, as he said, of all creatures most like the human species. "True," said the Fox, "in one particular you certainly have a similarity, in that of being without a tail, which might cover your nakedness."

The Ape, enraged at this sarcasm, began to pour out fierce denouncements of his wrath for this insult to his dignity; when the Fox

calmly replied, "Before you threaten your vengeance, you should first consider how far your power is of importance."

APPLICATION.

Nothing is more silly than the conduct of those persons who, from violence in their dispositions, throw out on slight occasions their impotent threats of vengeance, thus making themselves the scorn and derision of the object of their wrath, and creating an enemy without the power of doing any mischief, or of even screening themselves from a return of his anger.

J. N.





THE PAMPERED OWLET.



FORMAL Owl, who was rather past her time of being very prolific, had the chance to lay one egg. This precious deposit was attended to with all possible care, and in due time produced a very hopeful young Owlet, to the infinite joy of its doting mother, whose whole attention was absorbed by this her darling offspring, never suffering it to be out of her nest, and daily fed it from her own beak with the very best she could procure; insomuch that this pampered idol, an ignorant

and awkward bird, knew not how to help itself even in the most necessary wants in life. Thus bred up in idle indulgence, one day, in the absence of its silly mother, it fell from its nest; and, being untaught how to conduct itself in any difficulties, wandered out of the barn into the open air, where he was immediately set upon and pecked at by all the feathered tribe that saw him. In this dilemma he knew not how to act, never having essayed even the use of his wings: he wandered for a time annoyed by the scornful treatment of the wanton birds, and being totally unacquainted with any means of getting his food, soon perished from famine, a melancholy victim to the culpable indulgence of its parent.

APPLICATION.

The fondness of indiscreet parents to favourite children is laying the foundation of their ruin; they are so far from seeing any blemishes or imperfections in them, that their very deformities appear like beauties, and all their ugly habits like graces. Thus such unfortunates, without ever being taught their positive duties, or corrected for their faults, when they come abroad upon the theatre of the world, commonly

fall into the snares of the artful and the knavish, or, at best, are miserably mortified to find themselves totally unqualified to cope with a world they are obliged to face ; while the child who is so lucky as to escape these pernicious indulgences is induced to be honest and industrious in his own defence, if governed by good policy.

J. N.





THE STRICKEN DEER.



DEER, struck by the hunter's arrow, sought among his kindred herd protection and solace. But scarcely had the distant cry of his pursuers sounded in their ears than, regardless of his misery and loneliness, they sought the recesses of the forest, and left their unhappy and wounded companion to die alone.

APPLICATION.

How often does the heart, stricken by some misfortune, fondly imagine that the partners of its hours of joy and revelry will still receive it as a welcome visitor—but finds only coolness and neglect!

J. N.





THE SWORD AND THE SPIT.



SWORD, a true Toledo blade, whose services had often been proved by action in defence of its country, and the protection of oppressed innocence, at length having been deprived of its superb handle, and lost its beautiful polished surface, was thrown out into the common highway; when, being espied by a poor cottager, it was picked up, and made to serve her purpose in the degrading office of a spit to roast her coarse and humble fare.

In the mean time a vulgar blockhead, who had been favoured by fortune, and suddenly raised from the lowest state of life into affluence, was desirous to equip himself with a Sword, as became a cavalier, and accordingly went to the principal armourer of the village where he dwelt, to be supplied. This armourer, who was no less than a blacksmith, had no other expedient than by decorating and polishing an old Spit which lay among some of the rubbish of his shop, and thus furbished up, it occupied the place of a Sword.

APPLICATION.

A parallel to this Fable we but too often meet with in the capricious freaks of fortune, where men of the meanest qualities and least deserts are loaded with riches, and adorned with titles; whilst those who with painful industry and ardent study have improved their genius, are left forlorn and neglected, and often, from necessity, driven to seek employment in the meanest offices of life.

FROM THE SPANISH.



STONE BROTH.



POOR desolate traveller, overtaken by a storm of wind and rain, and being also oppressed by fatigue and hunger, came by chance to a house of affluence, and begged for a little charity, but was repulsed with a surly answer, "That there was nothing for him." He then begged only to be permitted to dry his clothes and warm himself by the kitchen fire ; as this request cost nothing, it was granted him. Finding it was not probable that he should get anything in this

place, he set his wits to work, and first humbly requested the cook to permit him to have the use of a saucepan and a little clean water, and he would make a dish of Stone Broth.

The oddity of the thought raised the curiosity of the inmates of the kitchen, who seconded his request. The traveller then picked up a stone from the high-road, and, washing it perfectly clean, put it into the saucepan of water. He then craved a morsel of salt and a little pepper and an onion, and some scraps which the cook had discarded. Thus he made a very savoury mess for himself, to the great amusement of the spectators, who not only let him enjoy his Stone Broth in peace, but were so much pleased with his ingenuity, that they gave him also a dinner; and he departed dry, warm, and well fed.

APPLICATION.

This Fable gives an example of the beneficial effects of a little ingenuity, when aided by perseverance and activity. How unlike those idle fools who drop all endeavour on the first check they receive, and if everything does not answer their silly expectations, quickly cry out that it is impossible to be achieved, and therefore useless to make any further efforts! Such is the

conduct of the slothful and the short-sighted, who must again and again be reminded, that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance, and nothing is to be got without them.

J. N.





THE MOUSE AND THE OYSTER.



WAS when the veil of night o'er-
 spread the plain,
 When bats and fairies, mice and
 Morpheus reign,
 While the hush'd winds in peace-
 ful slumbers dwell,
 And boding crickets sound their midnight knell;
 'Twas then a daring Mouse, that long defied
 The various stratagems which Kate had tried,
 His destined doom received; for, soon or late,
 Both mice and monarchs must submit to fate.
 Soon as his foe, the sun, had ta'en his flight,
 Tripp'd forth the little champion of the night,

With cautious tread, secure from fell mishap,
Of puss, or poison, or tremendous trap;
With nose sagacious smelt the baited gin,
Wary and conscious of the snare within;
Now feasts on rich variety of meats,
And oft in cheese his own apartments eats:
Yet long unharm'd the epicure patroll'd,
And fearless o'er his silent suburbs stroll'd;
Luxurious nights in pleasing plunder pass'd,
Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his last:
For now the time, the destined time, was sent,
(So fate ordain'd—and who can fate prevent?)
Lighting in evil hour in quest of prey,
Where in a group the' avenging Oyster lay,
The fish commission'd from the watery throng,
With tegument of scaly armour strong,
Lay with expanded jaws and gaping shell:
(But who the sad catastrophe can tell?)
Thus lies the dreadful monster of Nile's flood
With open mouth, extended on the mud.
The dainty Mouse, still craving some new dish,
Enters the gloomy mansion of the fish;
With beard exploring, and with luscious lip,
He longs the pickle of the seas to sip:
Roused by his tusks the' elastic Oyster fell,
And caught the caitiff's head in watery cell.
In vain the victim labours to get free
From durance vile and dread captivity;

Lock'd in the close embrace, ensnared he lies,
In pillory safe—pants, struggles, squeaks, and
dies.

APPLICATION.

Thus the just fate of his own crimes he meets,
Like rakes expiring in destructive sweets :
Hence let voluptuous minds the tale who hear,
Be told that death oft lurks in dainty cheer.





ECHO AND THE PARROT.



IT happened that on some occasion
 a large assembly of the feathered
 kind met together, and at this
 meeting the subject of their
 conversation by chance turned
 on the different excellences possessed by each
 individual of the company. One modestly ex-
 pressed the advantage he enjoyed in the power
 of his wings for swift flight; another boasted
 the beauty of his splendid plumage; while
 others asserted the sweetness of their notes in

song ; when suddenly a Parrot boldly declared that all those perfections in a mass united in himself. The audience heard this piece of effrontery with silent astonishment ; on which the Parrot, as no one contradicted him, grew more daringly impudent, and screamed out, in his harsh loud tones, " That of all the birds in the air, the greatest portion of excellence was in the Parrot." Suddenly, to the utter astonishment of the whole assembly, they heard this ridiculous assertion repeated by Echo from the adjacent rocks, saying, " Excellence was in the Parrot."—" Hear you that ? " said the shameless bird ; " the very winds proclaim my praise : I say, all perfection is in the Parrot."—" All perfection is in the Parrot," repeated Echo.—" You find," said the Parrot, " that it is confirmed. I conclude that no more need be said, and therefore the meeting is dissolved."

This was not much to the satisfaction of many truly meritorious birds, whose modesty made them see with scorn the shameless folly of this impudent pretender, who, taking the advantage of their greater decency and reserve, obtained a short-lived triumph over the diffident, and left them only the consolation that time in the end would discover truth ; but this,

however, unfortunately too often happens after the harvest is reaped.

APPLICATION.

This Fable is but a fair exemplification of those shameless quacks who infest the public in the daily prints with fulsome panegyrics in their own favour, till the unthinking mass of society who, like the Echo, repeat what they hear each other say, receive the whole for truth. One man judges of a thing, and a thousand tattlers confirm this opinion into a sovereign law; and this torrent of repetition swells so high for a time as to carry all before it. Such are the notions of those who take echoes for men; for we say a great deal, but do not think or use our own judgment in the case. We very rarely are masters of our own decisions; we repeat, by word of mouth or by writing, what others have said, and very often for the worse: but this, however, is to abandon ourselves, weak as we are, to the opinion of the uninformed multitude. This it is that enables those shameless puffers to force their impertinence upon us, to the great injury of modest merit, till time discovers the impostors, who then justly become the scorn and jest of

society; but, unfortunately for the cause of justice, by that time they have made their fortune, and are perhaps content to be despised.

J. N.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town.

A. POPE.





THE NETTLE.



TREE (so story tells) there stood
 Amid the plains, itself a wood ;
 Its boughs eternal chaplets
 crown'd,
 Diffusing fragrance all around ;
 Devoid of rancour or ill nature,
 Its shade protected every creature :
 Here little birds first tried their throats,
 And sweetly warbled tender notes ;
 And chattering pies the hours amuse,
 By furnishing the grove with news ;

And, with alternate hoots and howls,
There sit the politician owls.

Beneath the Tree a Nettle sprung,
Dull, spiteful, turbulent of tongue
(For in those days e'en plants could speak,
Asses bray logic, dogs bark Greek);
Around its venom'd stalk it bore
A kind of something like a flower,
Which gave occasion of deceit,
But soon the proof betray'd the cheat.
He loud exclaim'd, enraged to see
His neighbour loftier far than he,
And thus indignant silence broke,
His venom boiling as he spoke:
"Thou *guarda costa* barbarous dog!
Thou quack! thou stone! thou worse than log!
Die, pirate, die! while thou'rt alive
My leaves, thou villain, cannot thrive!"

He spoke, and foam'd. The Tree, awhile,
Answer'd him only with a smile;
But found his insolence still greater,
And thus bespoke the abject creature:
"Poor paltry thing! fain wouldst thou try,
Doom'd to the earth, to reach the sky;
But, spurn'd by travellers, thou shalt die;
Whilst I before thine eyes shall mount,
Sublime, and endless honours count."

APPLICATION.

Thus, Genius, does it fare with you ;
Bark'd at by dulness, foul-mouth'd crew !
Those mean ungrateful sons of earth
Revile the men that gave them birth :
The time approaches they shall die,
While Genius soars to reach the sky.





THE RAT IN THE STATUE.



N Emperor of China once asked his minister what was most to be feared in government? He answered, "In my mind, Sir, nothing is more to be dreaded than what they call the Rat in the Statue." The Emperor, not understanding the allegory, the minister explained it to him: "You know, Sir," said he, "that it is a common practice to erect statues to the genius of the place; these statues are of wood, hollow within and painted without. If a Rat gets into one of them, one

does not know how to get him out. One does not dare to make use of fire, for fear of burning the wood; one cannot dip it in water, for fear of washing out the colours; so that the regard one has for the Statue saves the Rat that has crept into it, who, nevertheless, ultimately completes its destruction.

APPLICATION.

It is thus with the man of many virtues, who, possessing one glaring fault, is allowed to continue in his path of folly, from the fear of injuring, by reproof, his finer feelings, until the fatal poison of his error entirely eradicates the favourable impressions his good qualities have created.

J. N.





THE FOX AND THE TORTOISE.



HUNTED Fox, who had narrowly escaped his pursuers by practising all the artful tricks acquired by long experience, chanced, in his retreat, to meet with a Tortoise, who had slowly crept a little distance from his resting-place. The Fox most naturally began to discourse on the late difficulties and dangers of his situation, and the arts he had been obliged to have recourse to, in order to escape with his life. "Well," said the Tortoise with an exulting air, "I thank

my stars I am from my strong armour not liable to those annoyances, and can, unmolested, enjoy my ease."—"True," said the Fox, "yet to escape misfortune is to want experience, and to live at ease is to live in ignorance; therefore your lot is scarcely enviable."

APPLICATION.

To be exempt from misfortune is surely a blessed state, if such there be; but yet it is the school of ignorance. We can learn nothing but by experience; and he who, in a life of ease, has never known the awful contrast of calamity, must be incapable of appreciating or even enjoying those blessings which he may possess, as one considerable part of happiness is to know how far a man may be unhappy.

It is by comparison alone that we can make any estimate of those benefits that we are possessed of; and to have wholly escaped misfortune is to be deprived of more than half the pleasure we should enjoy if we had been taught the value of our blessings by tasting the reverse.

J. N.



THE MAN, THE SERPENT, AND THE LIZARD.



MAN, who lay slumbering one hot summer's day, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a Lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. The Man threw it from his hand with indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous Serpent gliding towards him on the other side, which he attacked and destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, but with

anger against himself that had shown so little sense of the kind offices of the friendly Lizard.

APPLICATION.

This Fable shows the risk those persons run who venture to give even the best advice before it is asked. But those who have lived to years of maturity must have lived to little purpose if they have not learned that the ready way to make an enemy is to give advice; it is felt sufficiently mortifying when asked, if it does not coincide with our own opinion; but, if forced upon us, seems intolerable. J. N.





THE LION AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.



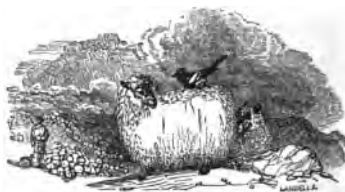
STOUT and honest Dog in his rambles met with a majestic Lion; who, having just feasted on a fat doe, which had become his prey, was in high good humour, and therefore entered into familiar conversation. "How comes it to pass," said the Dog, "that I am but too often treated with harshness and ingratitude after all my earnest efforts to be serviceable and faithful to mankind; whilst you, who are on the contrary imperious and savage, are received by all with

awful and profound respect?"—"Thou fool," replied the Lion, "not to understand that all those who possess power must make themselves terrible to be thought great, as is exemplified in the human race. Men are not honest for honesty's sake; but force and fear do the work of loyalty and conscience; and be convinced by your own case, that virtue alone is not sufficiently potent to keep the vicious in good order."

APPLICATION.

It is a melancholy reflection to think how small is the effect produced by precepts, or even by the example of virtue, and that there is no other means of keeping order but by force. The return for favours is ingratitude; for lenity, contempt. Mildness is opposed by presumption, and innocence is betrayed by craft; so that on well-directed power alone security depends.

J. N.





FORTUNE AND PLUTUS.



FORTUNE one day meeting Plutus, the God of Riches, accosted him in the following abrupt manner: "Why," quoth she, "are you always at variance with all good men, and ever associate with the bad? Is it true, as I have been informed, that you keep the worst company in the world?"

"If good men," answered Plutus, "see me so seldom in their company, it is purely their own neglect, in that they know not how to win me. They can neither steal, cheat, nor lie;

they will not suffer themselves to be corrupted; they cannot flatter nor intrigue; how then should I enrich them, if they do not seek for me where I am to be found?"

APPLICATION.

It is rather a mortifying reflection to think that no man can do any great matter for himself, without the help of a patron to protect and assist him and bring him into notice; and this is but too commonly obtained by a slavish, if not a vicious, submission to the will of another.

J. N.





LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.



FRIENDSHIP and Love one day together found

Two altars on Calabria's sunny ground:

The one to Friendship raised,
where art and taste

Its every part had diligently graced;
Around its base were glowing clusters thrown
Of bursting grapes that Aulon's vines had grown;
Whilst that to Love was but a simple stone,
With "Ad Cupidini" traced there alone.

“Behold!” said Friendship, with exalted brow,
“Who claims the mortal’s homage most, Love,
now ?

Mark the proportions of this classic shrine,
Whilst yonder scarce hewn stone, alas ! is thine ;
Around me see the vine’s enlivening birth,
The fruit of heaven, though the growth of earth,
That o’er the soul, by goading cares oppress’d,
Can shed a spellwork that decrees it bless’d ;
Whilst thou art honour’d with one tasteless
flower,

That is at most the bauble of an hour.”

“I envy not,” Love in return replied,
“The gay adornments of thine altar’s side,
Nor all the gifts which scatter’d round I see,
To thy shrine offer’d only—not to thee.
A lowly altar mine, and such should be
The mortal’s offering to his Deity ;
Whilst this sweet rose, of him an emblem true
Who placed it here, expires where it grew.
Nay, frown not, Friendship ; if we disagree
And wrangle on, what, prithee, shall we be ?
Without thee I must as a meteor shine,
Too fierce my passion, and too frigid thine ;
But, wisely mingling in one generous flame,
We both are worshipp’d, honour’d, prized the
same.”



THE WOODCUTTER AND JUPITER.



WOODCUTTER, one day resting awhile from his labour, began calculating the probable extent of his existence, became surprised that so wonderful a piece of workmanship as he was should be made to last no longer, and was complaining bitterly at his supposed hard fate: when an Ape, who had overheard his lamentations, bade him leave off grumbling, and petition Jupiter to give him the years allotted to his dog and ass. The man did as he was advised, and Jupiter, to

punish him for his wickedness and folly, granted his request. Death soon deprived him of his two serviceable companions, of the friendship of his dog and the assistance of his ass, by whose labour he had hitherto subsisted. Poor and friendless he dragged out the residue of the days he had so presumptuously desired in misery and want.

APPLICATION.

Man, often, in the narrowness of his own wisdom, repines at the ordinations of Providence, imagining that what he most desires would be most to his advantage; but time generally convinces him of the folly of his wishes; and that which he then considered a present good would ultimately have proved the greatest evil.

J. N.





THE BEE AND THE SPIDER.



BEE who industriously spent his summer's day in flying from flower to flower, and gathering sweets from every one on which he alighted, at last came to one that a spotted Spider had enveloped. Espying the Bee—"Fool," said the Spider, "what can bring you, who search for the sweets of nature only, to this flower? Here is nothing to your taste; for I myself have been sucking these two days, and find nothing but poison in it."—"Wretched insect," said the Bee, "blame not

this innocent and splendid flower for the fault which is wholly in thyself; to me there is no poison in nature, I find it possess sweetness alone."

APPLICATION.

The Spider in the Fable is a true emblem of those hypocrites, who, either from dulness or from malignity, pass silently over every beauty in the productions which they contemplate, and dwell only on its defects, pluming themselves with this false and foolish triumph, gratifying thus their vanity from having been able to point out such faults as no human work is without: whilst, on the other hand, the candid and ingenious mind feels and improves itself on the beauties, and acquires energy to emulate its perfections.

Thus it is with the proud and envious, who feel a pain on being obliged to acknowledge any superiority; and, as they find it an affair of too much labour to raise themselves to a level with others, think it a much easier task to bring them down to a par with their own small merits; and thus, by keeping their attention wholly fixed on defects, at once indulge their pride, their envy, and their sloth. But it should be recollected by all such dispositions

that it is themselves only that will suffer. None can ever improve that have not a purity and integrity of mind to perceive every perfection as well as defect of the object of their attention, otherwise they will find at last that they are in a state of ignorance of the foolish judge, who was going to condemn the prisoner wrongfully, by having heard only the witnesses on one side of the question.

J. N.





THE EPICURE AND THE PHYSICIAN.



Two hundred years ago, or more,
 An heir possess'd a miser's store ;
 Rejoiced to find his father dead,
 Till then on thrifty viands fed ;
 Unnumber'd dishes crown'd his
 board,
 With each unwholesome trifle stored.
 He ate—and long'd to eat again,
 But sigh'd for appetite in vain :
 His food, though dress'd a thousand ways,
 Had lost its late accustom'd praise ;

He relish'd nothing—sickly grew—
Yet long'd to taste of something new.
It chanced in this disastrous case,
One morn betimes he join'd the chase :
Swift o'er the plain the hunters fly,
Each echoing out a joyous cry ;
A forest next before them lay ;
He, left behind, mistook his way,
And long alone bewilder'd rode,
He found a Peasant's poor abode ;
But fasting kept, from six to four,
Felt hunger, long unfelt before ;
The friendly swain this want supplied,
And Joan some eggs and bacon fried.
Not dainty now, the Squire in haste
Fell to, and praised their savoury taste ;
Nay, said his meal had such a goût
He ne'er in tarts and olios knew.
Rejoiced to think he'd found a dish,
That crown'd his long unanswer'd wish,
With gold his thankful host he paid,
Who guides him back from whence he stray'd ;
But ere they part (so well he dined),
His rustic host the Squire enjoin'd
To send him home next day a stock
Of those same eggs and charming hock.
He hoped this dish of savoury meat
Would prove that still 'twas bliss to eat ;

But ah ! he found, like all the rest,
These eggs were tasteless things at best ;
The bacon not a dog could touch,
So rank—he never tasted such !
He sent express to fetch the clown,
And thus address'd him with a frown :
“ These eggs, this bacon, that you sent,
For Christian food were never meant ;
As soon I'll think the moon 's a cheese,
As those you dress'd the same with these.
Little I thought ”—“ Sir,” says the Peasant,
“ I'm glad your worship is so pleasant ;
You joke, I'm sure ; for I can swear,
The same the fowls that laid them are ;
And know as well that all the bacon
From one the self-same flitch was taken :
The air, indeed, about our green
Is known to make the stomach keen.”
“ Is that the case ? ” the Squire replied ;
“ That air shall be directly tried.”
He gave command—a house he hired,
And down he goes with hope inspired,
And takes his cooks—a favourite train ;
But still they ply their art in vain.
Perhaps 'twas riding did the feat :
He rides,—but still he cannot eat.
At last a friend, to physic bred,
Perceived his case ; and thus he said :

“ Be ruled by me, you soon shall eat,
With hearty gust, the plainest meat :
A pint of milk, each rising morn,
Procure from cow of sable horn ;
Shake in three drops of morning dew
From twig of ever-verdant yew ;
It must by your own hand be done,
Your face turn'd westward from the sun ;
With this, ere half an hour is past,
Well crumb'd with biscuit, break your fast ;
Which done, from food (or all is vain)
For twice three hours and one abstain ;
Then dine on one substantial dish,
If plainly dress'd, of flesh or fish.”
Grave look'd the Doctor as he spake ;
The Squire concludes the' advice to take,
And, cheated into temperance, found
The bliss his former luxury drown'd.





THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SICK MAN.



CERTAIN Man of a virtuous mind and independent fortune, was yet unhappy, he grew melancholy, lay all day long on his couch, and passed the night in restless slumbers. Physicians were consulted, who supplied him amply with medicine, but all without avail: he grew daily worse rather than better, and the life, which he seemed so anxious to preserve, was turned into a curse. He was at last persuaded to apply to a sage Philosopher, who was regarded by those of

his neighbourhood as nothing short of a conjurer. This personage was sent for, and on visiting his patient thus addressed him: "Your case is very clear to me; you are tormented by a little devil, which I now see perched on your shoulder, with his ugly mouth close to your ear, pouring into it the whole catalogue of human miseries, and urging you to imagine that you are subjected to them all: his sole occupation is to attend on the idle; to annoy them is his chief delight; and the more he torments them the merrier he is: you must not lie thus indolent and indulge him in his mischievous humour; summon resolution, get up instantly, and shake him from you; seek some employment either of business or of pleasure. Turn botanist, and search out all the varieties of teeming vegetation; or become a virtuoso, and ransack the wonders of art or nature; or turn herald, or antiquary, and endeavour to bring to light whatever is obscure or forgotten; and by such means only it is you may cheat the devil." The valetudinarian followed the advice of the cunning man; grew healthy in body and happy in mind, and snapped his fingers at the evil genius that had so long tormented him.

APPLICATION.

We have not far to look for the moral of this fable, for the old proverb says, "That the devil tempts every man, but the idle tempt the devil." The miseries produced by idleness are innumerable; it is the bane both of body and mind; causes discontent; and has been deemed one of the deadly sins. The ancients beheld it with abhorrence. "Sloth," says Galen, "loses time, dulls the understanding, nourishes humours, chokes the brain, hinders thrift, and displeases God."

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man, That person is not worthy to live that taketh not care to live well. Carthage was overcome, and Rome came to ruin, by luxury and idleness.

J. N.





CUPID AND HYMEN.



WHEN Love and Hymen both were
 boys,
 They fix'd a day of smiling
 weather,
 To show each other all their toys,
 And pass an afternoon together.

 To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,
 And each with each was quick delighted ;
 Love shot his darts of surest aim,
 And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,
 (Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow),
Told Love he wish'd the bow himself,
 And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon strait
 (Young Love is such a cheerful giver),
And then for Hymen's torch of state
 Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possess'd,
 Men neither could nor would resist 'em ;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
 And Cupid's arrows seldom miss'd 'em.

But changing thus their arms about,
 The boys became perplex'd and stupid ;
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,
 While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
 And broke affection's firmest tether :
So now if Love and Hymen meet,
 They seldom sojourn long together.

LITERARY GAZETTE.



THE RAT WITH A BELL.



FARMER who had been much annoyed by Rats, having caught a large one in a trap, which had not hurt the animal, he fixed a small Bell with a collar to its neck, and then gave the captive its liberty, concluding that such a noisy companion would be universally avoided by all his tribe, and that they would forsake the house.

The Rat, delighted with having escaped so easily, joined his companions, who at first shunned him; but in a little time, becoming

familiar with the jingle of the Bell, began to regard it as an object of admiration; but, alas! in all their secret haunts, neither their silence nor cunning could now avail to keep them in safety. All their expeditions, however artfully planned, were now certain of being frustrated by the jingle of this odious Bell, that betrayed all their motions to their enemy the cat; who made such havock among them, that, to save the whole from being exterminated, they were compelled to fall upon the cause of their discomfiture and destroy him.

APPLICATION.

It is thus with men of superficial acquirements, who, for a while, excite the admiration and envy of the crowd, until, inflated by their own superiority, they render themselves completely obnoxious to the whole community by their intrusive conduct; and sooner or later, the truth breaks through the veil, however artfully or firmly put on; and, for the preservation of order, it becomes necessary to expel them from society altogether.

J. N.



THE VIRGIN AND THE ROSE.



s in some rural paradise a Rose
Which, veil'd by leaves and hush'd
in calm repose,
Beneath the dusky mantle of the
skies

On its fair stalk in sweet oblivion lies,
Wakes gently, soon as the first orient beam
Calls slumbering nature from its transient dream;
To Phœbus, who its glowing form beholds,
A bosom rich with crimson hues unfolds:
Whence the wing'd bee (soft breathing amorous
sighs)
Extracts the lucid nectar as it flies.

Bless'd flower! and yet if it ungather'd stay
Till Sol, high mounted, dart a scorching ray,
Pining it droops with the declining light,
And all its glories glide away from sight.
Thus the young Virgin, whilst her mother's care
From flattering men conceals the darling fair,
Compell'd, removes love's ardours from her
 breast,
And the soft woes which break a maiden's rest.
But should some Thyrsis dart a wanton eye,
And she attend to the sweet tempter's sigh,
Instant her heart its inmost folds displays,
And her now love-sick soul is in a blaze:
Then, if or bashfulness or fear restrain
The melting Nymph, and she disguise her pain,
To hated silence doom'd she weeping lies,
Eclipsed the lovely lustre of her eyes,
Her graces fade, and she untimely dies.





THE PRACTICAL JOKE,



COMPANY of young men, who were supping together at a tavern, found the wine that was served of a very indifferent quality; when one of them, whose house was not far distant, mentioned that he had in his cellar at home some wine that was particularly fine, and that he would step to his house and fetch a couple of bottles, which suggestion much pleased the company. But after he was gone on his errand, one of the company proposed to play him a trick, by going out to meet him in the way and to frighten him. To

this practical joke they all assented with great glee; and accordingly off the planner went on his expedition, which promised to have so pleasant an effect. The night was dark, and a part of the way was in a lonely road; but what heightened the fun was, that just at hand there was a tan-yard, where there lay many fresh hides of cattle with the horns on them, and in one of these our hero invested himself in order to complete the horror of his figure.

The company, in high expectation, waited some time for the result of the frolic. At last, their companion who had been for the wine entered with his two bottles, according to promise; but as their jocular companion did not appear, and being impatient to learn the history of the joke, they plainly asked him if he had not met with something of rather a shocking appearance on the road? He answered, "Indeed, something of that sort had made an attack upon him, probably a robber in disguise; but," continued he, "whatever it was, I have done its business, for I quickly run my sword through its body, and it dropped instantly at my feet without a groan." Terror now seized the whole company; they all rushed out in search of their unfortunate friend, whom they too soon found enveloped in the cow's hide lifeless, and wel-

tering in his blood. Such was the conclusion of a practical joke.

APPLICATION.

It should ever be remembered that a practical joke is liable to be attended by very dangerous consequences : it is the resource of fools who are incapable of foreseeing the great risk they run of involving themselves or the object of their unfeeling, insipid wit in some fatal catastrophe : it is a cruel and hazardous jocularitv, which has often turned a comedy into the deepest tragedy ; the instances that might be brought as proofs are innumerable. The proverb says, " To the wise it is a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with mirth, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness."





THE YOUNG FOWLER AND CUPID.



SPRIGHTLY youth with weary feet
 In search of game the forest beat;
 With longing hope, and fame at
 stake,
 In vain he tried each bush and
 brake :

At length he spied a gaudy thing,
 With ivory neck and painted wing;
 'Twas Cupid fix'd upon a spray—
 Cupid eloped, and bent on play.
 Inviting mark ! the urchin stood,
 Perch'd like a pheasant of the wood.

With all the haste of keen delight
The piece was levell'd to the sight ;
Secure he judged the prize, but now
The game was on a distant bough.
Intent the youth pursues, while still
The little wanton mock'd his skill ;
Now, spent his spirits, slack his pace,
And fretted with the fruitless chase,
His case to one he then reveal'd,
That saunter'd in the neighbouring field.
The rural Sage, instructive man,
Smiled, shook his head, and thus began ;
“ Desist, vain youth ! this game despise,
Unhappy in the purchased prize ;
When once attain'd 'twould vex thee more
Than all thy labour gone before :
Painful to keep, unsafe to find,
The' unluckiest of the feather'd kind ;
But if thy fortune shall dispense
Maturer age and ripen'd sense,
The bird that now so wild and shy
Deludes the motion of thy eye,
Well pleased, and fond to be caress'd,
Shall fly spontaneous to thy breast.”



THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY.



PAINTER, who in his own opinion was a great master of his art, must needs set himself to work upon the picture of a beautiful female figure from the life. After having laboured on it for several months, he grew impatient in finding his intended beauty got no admirers, and began to abuse the work himself: "Ah, thou ungrateful wretch!" says he to the picture, "is this all the fruit of six months' labour? is it for this I have sacrificed my time, attention, and industry, to be paid at last by such a scarecrow? I have it in my mind to tear thee to rags, and

throw thee into the fire.”—“ Well, well ! ” screamed out the frightful picture ; “ and who’s in fault, pray, that I am not handsome ? you had all the materials to work with to have made a perfect beauty, but have miscarried in your own performance, and now seek for an object on whom to throw all the blame which belongs to yourself alone.”

APPLICATION.

This fable is a true representation of many in the world, who, after having ruined both fortune and character, seek how to clear their conscience of blame and throw it from their own shoulders upon others ; and by that contrive to conceal their vice and folly, saying they are unfortunate : they next blame their enemies or their friends, the world, even Providence itself ; in short, every thing but themselves, who alone have been the cause of all the evil.

J. N.





THE TROOPER AND HIS ARMOUR.



TROOPER, in the time of battle, picked up the shoe of a horse that lay in his way, and quickly by a cord suspended it from his neck. Soon after, in a skirmish with the enemy, a shot struck exactly on the said horse-shoe and saved his life, as it fell harmless to the ground. "Well done," said the Trooper, "I see that a very little armour is sufficient when it is well placed."

APPLICATION.

Although the Trooper's good luck with his bit of armour may appear to be the effect of

chance, yet certain it is that prudent persons are always prepared to receive good fortune, or may be said to meet it half way, turning every accident if possible to good, which gives an appearance as if they were the favourites of fortune; whilst the thoughtless and improvident, on the contrary, often neglect to embrace the very blessings which chance throws in their way, and then survey with envy those who prosper by their careful and judicious conduct, and blame their partial or hard fortune for all those privations and sufferings which their mismanagement alone has brought upon themselves.

J. N.





THE FARMER, THE FOX, AND THE DOG.



FAR from the gaudy cheats of state,
 Where fancied wants enslave the
 great,
 A Farmer dwelt—content his lot,
 And peace joint tenant of his cot;
 Yet not this man (though favoured sure)
 From all disasters lived secure:
 Sly tenant of a neighbouring hole,
 A Fox had long his poultry stole;
 At length a trap one starless night
 Arrested Reynard in his flight;

Vex'd to the heart, he dreads the day
Which doom'd himself the Farmer's prey ;
Plies all his strength, tries every art
To free his tail, the captive part.
Fruitless he finds the painful strife,
Yet valued less his tail than life ;
Resolved the minor loss to bear,
He fled, and left the member there.

But shame now wounds with poignant sting,
He loaths himself, a tailless thing :
And how shall he the sneer sustain
Of beasts who boast a sweeping train ?
Soon in his mien (a practised knave)
He mix'd the careless with the grave ;
Then boldly seeks the rendezvous,
And thus harangues the tittering crew :
" My friends, to chance we often owe
The best improvements known below ;
My cumb'rous tail a trap last night
Thus dock'd, and left me snug and light :
Oh ! could you know how light, how free
I feel, you'd all be cropp'd like me."

More was not heard ; the laugh destroys
His further speech with mirthful noise ;
He turn'd his tailless back with shame,
And humbly sneak'd from whence he came,
As not a Fox would have it thought
He own'd the name of thief in aught.

Meantime the Farmer lived in peace,
And kept his cocks, and hens, and geese,
And stray'd the while as fancy led,
Where forests waved or lawns were spread.
These hours his Dog by custom knew,
In these his sure attendant grew.
One morn it chanced as he and Tray
Enjoy'd the virgin sweets of day,
A wolf who, at a neighbouring seat,
Made superfluity complete,
A useless thing, midst thousands vain,
Had slipp'd or broke his fragile chain.
The Farmer starts to see him nigh,
And deems it vain to fight or fly;
But, just in act to seize the man,
His faithful Dog the fight began;
While those engaged in doubtful fray,
The Master fought in aid of Tray;
His ready hand a stake supplied,
And by his blows the savage died.
The Dog survived, though wounded sore,
With loss of tail, but lost no more.
His fellow dogs inquire the cause,
Which told, from all compels applause;
Their tails between their legs they lay,
Ambitious each to pass for Tray!
His naked stump perpetual gave
The hint that he was true and brave.

APPLICATION.

See, the same thing a curse or blessing prove,
Here draw contempt, and there e'en envy move;
Virtue from bitter can the sweet distil;
Vice only tastes the essence of an ill.





THE COCK, THE HOG, AND THE LAMB.



CRESTED Cock, whose gallant
court

Was graced with dames of stately
port,

Exulted in their charms divine ;

But near the Haram dwelt a swine,

That wallow'd in the sty impure,

A gross voluptuous epicure :

While gaily with his bleating dam

In gambols frisk'd a playful Lamb,

That roused from lethargy the Hog,

Recumbent as a senseless log ;

Who, waking, grunted to the sheep,
"No cordial like the balm of sleep!
The God by lulling zephyrs fann'd
Like Hermes' soporific wand;
Enchanted with melodious airs,
Exempt from spirit-stirring cares,
Inhaling salutary fumes,
And wafted by seraphic plumes,
Above the heaven of heavens to roll
In raptured visions round the Pole;
Then floating on the gossamer,
Like Ariel through the liquid air,
Descend to feast on luxuries,
Delicious viands! and the lees
Of rich exhilarating wines;
In halcyon days enjoy the scene
Of beauty on the deep serene;
Or slumber on the sounding shore,
And, reckless of the tempest, snore,
Though mountains quake and oceans roar."

In turn the umpire deign'd to hear
The sage advice of Chanticleer,
Who sung the wonders that adorn
In heavenly quires the orient morn,
When first Aurora in the east
Unfolds her portals to the feast
Of universal life and glee,
Diffused through heaven and earth and sea:

“ Before the lark I tune my lay,
To soothe my love and haste the day,
While Dian’s bow o’erhangs on high
The palace of the starry sky ;
Ere Phœbus bids those lamps retire,
That sparkle with diminish’d fire.
I roost betimes, betimes arise,
And, like a bird of Paradise,
Am ever healthy, wealthy, wise.
He who to sloth addicted sleeps,
His senses in oblivion steeps ;
Grim terror in his fancy reigns,
And fever riots in his veins.
To rules of sober diet true,
I pick the grain, and sip the dew ;
From Bacchus’ flowing bowl abstain,
Whose draught intoxicates the brain.”

The Lamb, unable to decide
When doctors disagree, replied—
“ My mind the simple truth suspects,
You counsel as the heart directs.”

MORAL.

Grave sages, with a zeal that glows
Devoid of judgment, interpose
By paradox their darling schemes,
Refulgent as the solar beams,

The clouds of error to dispel,
And teach the art of writing well;
Irradiate genius; style correct;
Implicit followers to direct,
And authors to perfection bring,
Suspended to some angel's wing,
Who soaring lights the ethereal way
To regions of eternal day.
Thus sapient conjurors protest
Their spurious antidotes are best.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON THOMAS DE YRIARTE.





THE TROOPER AND HIS ARMOUR.



TROOPER, in the time of battle, picked up the shoe of a horse that lay in his way, and quickly by a cord suspended it from his neck. Soon after, in a skirmish with the enemy, a shot struck exactly on the said horse-shoe and saved his life, as it fell harmless to the ground. "Well done," said the Trooper, "I see that a very little armour is sufficient when it is well placed."

APPLICATION.

Although the Trooper's good luck with his bit of armour may appear to be the effect of

chance, yet certain it is that prudent persons are always prepared to receive good fortune, or may be said to meet it half way, turning every accident if possible to good, which gives an appearance as if they were the favourites of fortune; whilst the thoughtless and improvident, on the contrary, often neglect to embrace the very blessings which chance throws in their way, and then survey with envy those who prosper by their careful and judicious conduct, and blame their partial or hard fortune for all those privations and sufferings which their mismanagement alone has brought upon themselves.

J. N.





THE FARMER, THE FOX, AND THE DOG.



FAR from the gaudy cheats of state,
 Where fancied wants enslave the
 great,
 A Farmer dwelt—content his lot,
 And peace joint tenant of his cot;
 Yet not this man (though favoured sure)
 From all disasters lived secure:
 Sly tenant of a neighbouring hole,
 A Fox had long his poultry stole;
 At length a trap one starless night
 Arrested Reynard in his flight;

Vex'd to the heart, he dreads the day
Which doom'd himself the Farmer's prey ;
Plies all his strength, tries every art
To free his tail, the captive part.
Fruitless he finds the painful strife,
Yet valued less his tail than life ;
Resolved the minor loss to bear,
He fled, and left the member there.

But shame now wounds with poignant sting,
He loaths himself, a tailless thing :
And how shall he the sneer sustain
Of beasts who boast a sweeping train ?
Soon in his mien (a practised knave)
He mix'd the careless with the grave ;
Then boldly seeks the rendezvous,
And thus harangues the tittering crew :
" My friends, to chance we often owe
The best improvements known below ;
My cumb'rous tail a trap last night
Thus dock'd, and left me snug and light :
Oh ! could you know how light, how free
I feel, you'd all be cropp'd like me."

More was not heard ; the laugh destroys
His further speech with mirthful noise ;
He turn'd his tailless back with shame,
And humbly sneak'd from whence he came,
As not a Fox would have it thought
He own'd the name of thief in aught.

Meantime the Farmer lived in peace,
And kept his cocks, and hens, and geese,
And stray'd the while as fancy led,
Where forests waved or lawns were spread.
These hours his Dog by custom knew,
In these his sure attendant grew.
One morn it chanced as he and Tray
Enjoy'd the virgin sweets of day,
A wolf who, at a neighbouring seat,
Made superfluity complete,
A useless thing, midst thousands vain,
Had slipp'd or broke his fragile chain.
The Farmer starts to see him nigh,
And deems it vain to fight or fly ;
But, just in act to seize the man,
His faithful Dog the fight began ;
While those engaged in doubtful fray,
The Master fought in aid of Tray ;
His ready hand a stake supplied,
And by his blows the savage died.
The Dog survived, though wounded sore,
With loss of tail, but lost no more.
His fellow dogs inquire the cause,
Which told, from all compels applause ;
Their tails between their legs they lay,
Ambitious each to pass for Tray !
His naked stump perpetual gave
The hint that he was true and brave.

APPLICATION.

See, the same thing a curse or blessing prove,
Here draw contempt, and there e'en envy move ;
Virtue from bitter can the sweet distil ;
Vice only tastes the essence of an ill.



No beau that loves dressing shall ever attain
To write common sense, though he physics his
brain ;

And priests, who religion for poetry quit,
Shall grow but more stupid in aiming at wit.
The statesman who makes public service his aim,
We dare not entrust with one spark of our flame ;
For 'twill but inflame with dire projects his skull :
For the good of the country, then, let him be dull.
If any obstreperous lawyer should dare
To tamper with verse, let him first quit the bar ;
For I solemnly vow it, no person shall gain
Our favour but such as are just and humane.
To avoid the vexations that may chance to alight
From female petitions, no woman shall write ;
For genius united with beauty would gain
Such power that man would resist them in vain.
By no means a trafficker can we admit,
For trading gets money, and money spoils wit ;
But if he should chance to be beggar'd by crosses,
We give him a Muse to repair all his losses.
If some younger brother, whom to recompense
For the curse of small fortune, we endow'd with
some sense,
Should chance to arrive at an opulent station,
His wits shall devolve to the next poor relation.
To intention that poets a brother may know,
We will that they all in our livery go ;

And since mean apparel than that which is fair
Is easier to compass, let such be their wear :
But as to their food, we no method can set,
Let each member feed upon what he can get ;
Still let this restriction their palate confine,
They ne'er must eat pheasant, nor taste of
French wine.

These orders we will every poet do follow,
As witness our name—**THYMBRÆUS APOLLO.**"





PRUDENCE AND HER ADVISERS.



INDUSTRY, Prodigality, and Generosity, having by chance met at the residence of Prudence, were consulted by her on the distribution of a purse of gold to the greatest advantage.

“Oh!” said Prodigality, “we are fortunate this morning, pray let us give a splendid entertainment, and invite all our acquaintance and their friends to it; it will be so delightful to show the world how little we regard spending our money; besides, we can give each some costly trinket or other to make them envy our

wealth and profusion. What say you, Generosity?"—"I am partly of your opinion," replied Generosity; "but if, instead of unnecessary splendour and useless presents, we disperse large sums amongst public subscriptions and deserving charities, I think it will be more advantageously disposed of."—Industry, who had kept back, now advanced; and, exhibiting the claims that perseverance, attention, and activity had upon Justice, modestly advocated their cause, showing how inadequately honest exertion was often rewarded for her toils, though the effect of these labours, when justly remunerated, was to spread happiness and health amongst her followers, and to extend their beneficial influence to all mankind.

Prudence presented to Industry the purse, requesting her to disperse it in the way she had described, observing, that as the treasure was not inexhaustible, she must decline the advice of Prodigality; but should any remain after the demands upon Justice had been satisfied, she desired that it might be given to Generosity.

APPLICATION.

However praiseworthy a generous and charitable disposition may be, yet justice is paramount.



THE COCK, THE DOG, AND THE FOX.



DOG and a Cock travelling together, as the evening came on retired to rest. The Cock flew up into a tree to roost, while the Dog crept into the hollow trunk for the night. At early dawn the Cock began to crow as usual; a Fox hearing him, immediately ran to the place from whence the sounds proceeded; and, seeing the Cock upon the tree, entreated him to come down, having, as he said, a great desire to embrace and salute him, on account of his sweet melodious singing.

The Cock answered, "Before I come down, I beg you will awaken my friend who sleeps below."—"Certainly," replied the Fox; who, supposing the Cock's family was nestled there, thrust his head into the hole, and was immediately seized and killed by the Dog. When just at the point of death, he exclaimed, "What a poor wretch am I! who, in seeking the destruction of another, have drawn down vengeance upon myself!"

MORAL.

In the eager anxiety which is frequently evinced by the crafty and the treacherous to betray others, they often and deservedly become the dupes of their own artifices.





THE CLOWN AND THE SUNDIAL.



LAZY Clown going to a Sundial to see if it was the point of time when he might regale and be idle, expressed himself very irreverently when he found that it was not yet the hour he wished for. "Suppress your foolish impatience," said the Sundial, "and recollect with awe that this moment pointed out by my shadow, and which you survey with indecent scorn, is the last to many, and doubtful to all."

APPLICATION.

This Fable has its moral in itself; but we may add, that the careless indifference with which we often treat the passing time seems as if we thought it would have no end or was of no value, never dreaming that each moment may be our last, nor recollecting the slight tenure on which we hold our existence, although daily instances before our eyes prove it, and show us the necessity of being always prepared as well as to our affairs in this world as in the next, so that we may be enabled to quit this life with due resignation to the will of our Creator.

J. NORTHCOTE.



INDEX TO THE ENGRAVINGS.

HEAD OF NORTHCOTE.

Redbreast and Sparrow, p. 1.
 Lynx and Mole, 3.
 Tail Piece (Cock and Jewel—*La Fontaine*), 5.
 Tyrant and Philosopher, 6.
 Tail Piece (Duke of Lerma and the Magpies—*Gil Blas*), 7.
 Elephant and Fox, 8.
 Tail Piece (from Erasmus: Essay on Folly), 10.
 Bee and Ant, 11.
 Elephant and Slave, 13.
 Boastful Ass, 15.
 Two Swine, 17.
 Porcupine, Chameleon, and Owl, 19.
 Tail Piece (Apemantus and Lords—*Timon of Athens*, Act I. Sc. ii.), 22.
 Horse and Groom, 23.
 Dumb Waiter, 25.
 Fairy Gift, 27.
 Tail Piece (Nicias), 30.
 Poet and Sportsman, 31.
 Kingfisher and Nightingale, 33.
 Tail Piece (The Knight and his Armour), 35.
 The Mole, 36.
 Fir Tree and Insect, 37.
 Tail Piece (Man was made to mourn—*Burns*), 38.
 Violet and Nightshade, 39.
 Tail Piece (Mermaid and Knight), 40.
 The Monkeys, 41.
 Tail Piece (Hudibras and Ralph), 42.
 Peacock, Owls, and Eagle, 43.
 Tail Piece (Fox and Bust—*La Fontaine*), 44.
 Parrot and Singing Birds, 45.
 Tail Piece (The Critic and Apollo—*Spectator*, No. 291), 46.
 Bee and Butterfly, 47.
 Tail Piece (Fox and Stork—*Lessing*), 49.
 Party Quarrels, 50.

Tail Piece (Puck), 51.
 Lion and Jackal, 52.
 Ape and Beaver, 54.
 Jay and Owl, 56.
 Tail Piece (The Impertinent—*Cowper*), 57.
 Dog and Crane, 58.
 Tail Piece (Sermon on the Mount), 62.
 Virtue and her Daughters, 63.
 Carrier and his Horse, 65.
 Tail Piece (Caravan), 67.
 Poet and Cobwebs, 68.
 Peacock and Owl, 71.
 Fly and Snufftaker, 73.
 Tail Piece (Fable of the Hunted Stag), 75.
 Wolf and Elephant, 76.
 Two Mice, 78.
 Delicate Heron, 81.
 Tail Piece (La Fille—*La Fontaine*), 82.
 Balm Tree and Thorn, 83.
 Tail Piece (Orlando rescuing his Brother—*As You Like It*), 84.
 The Skylark, 85.
 Swan and Geese, 87.
 Tail Piece (*Henry IV.* Part II. Act V.), 88.
 Lion and Wolf, 89.
 Tail Piece (Alexander and Thracian Robber), 90.
 Sage and Linnet, 91.
 Drunkard and Confessor, 93.
 Tail Piece (*Spenser*), 94.
 Magpie and Owl, 95.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Stag looking into the Water), 96.
 Crocodile and Snake, 97.
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, 99.
 Tail Piece (Charitee—*Spenser*), 100.
 Mole become a Connoisseur, 101.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Ass eating Thistles), 102.
 Low Ambition, 103.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Mischievous Dog), 104.
 Elephant and Wolf, 105.

- Tail Piece (Laughing Hyæna), 106.
 Hunted Deer, 107.
 Tail Piece (Griselda), 108.
 Virtue and Vice, 109.
 Beacon and Chandelier, 113.
 Tail Piece (The Basket Maker), 115.
 Vain Butterfly, 116.
 Phaeton & One-Horse Chair, 118.
 Tiger and Fox, 121.
 Tail Piece (Ajax—*Troi. & Cress.* Act. II. Scene III.), 122.
 Moth, Grasshopper, and Bee, 123.
 Oak and Honeysuckle, 125.
 Tail Piece (Lion and Mouse), 126.
 Hare and Bramble, 127.
 Tail Piece (Sheep & Bramble), 128.
 Peach and Potato, 129.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Barley-Mow and Dunghill—*Gay*), 131.
 Young Lady and Pig, 132.
 Tail Piece (Fable—The Young Man and his Cat), 133.
 Lion, Dog, and Ape, 134.
 Tail Piece (Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada), 137.
 The Ostrich, 138.
 Tail Piece (Bo Peep), 139.
 Bees and Snail, 140.
 Tail Piece (Sigismunda and Tancred), 142.
 Warrior and Clio, 143.
 Philosopher & Goddess of Poverty, 145.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Country and City Mouse), 146.
 Ermine and Polecat, 147.
 Eagle's Statue, 149.
 Ass and Lamb, 151.
 Encaged Skylark, 153.
 Petty Tyrants, 155.
 Prudent Father, 157.
 Ape and Fox, 159.
 Tail Piece (Tommy's Adventure with the Ragged Boy—*Sandford and Merton*), 160.
 Pampered Owlet, 161.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Ape and her young Ones), 163.
 The Stricken Deer, 164.
 Tail Piece (Wounded Stag—*As You Like It*), 165.
 Sword and Spilt, 166.
 Stone Broth, 168.
 Tail Piece (Robinson Crusoe), 170.
 Mouse and Oyster, 171.
 Tail Piece (Esau and Jacob), 173.
 Echo and Parrot, 174.
 The Nettle, 178.
 Rat in the Statue, 181.
 Tail Piece (Hares when hard pressed by the hounds have been known to seek refuge in a flock of sheep—*Buffon*), 182.
 Fox and Tortoise, 183.
 Man, Serpent, and Lizard, 185.
 Tail Piece ("Gelert"), 186.
 Lion and faithful Dog, 187.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Sheep and Magpie), 188.
 Fortune and Plutus, 189.
 Tail Piece (*Iliad*, Book xxii.), 190.
 Love and Friendship, 191.
 Woodcutter and Jupiter, 193.
 Tail Piece (The Acorn and Gourd), 194.
 Bee and Spider, 195.
 Epicure and Physician, 198.
 Tail Piece (Ghino de Tacco and the Archbishop—*Boccaccio*, *Day 10th, Nov. 2*), 201.
 Philosopher and Sick Man, 202.
 Tail Piece (De Ramozini's Cure for the Gout), 204.
 Cupid and Hymen, 205.
 Rat with a Bell, 207.
 Virgin and the Rose, 209.
 Practical Joke, 211.
 Tail Piece (Ass and Lion's Skin), 213.
 Young Fowler and Cupid, 214.
 Painter who pleased Nobody, 216.
 Tail Piece (Fortune and the Boy), 217.
 The Trooper and his Armour, 218.
 Farmer, Fox, and Dog, 220.
 Cock, Hog, and Lamb, 224.
 Tail Piece (Diogenes), 227.
 Cupid's Pastime, 228.
 Man, Monkey, and Apollo, 230.
 Tail Piece (Fable—Frog turned Physician), 232.
 Decree of Apollo, 233.
 Tail Piece (Homer), 235.
 Prudence and her Advisers, 236.
 Cock, Dog, and Fox, 238.
 Tail Piece (Wounded Bandit), 239.
 Clown and Sundial, 240.

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

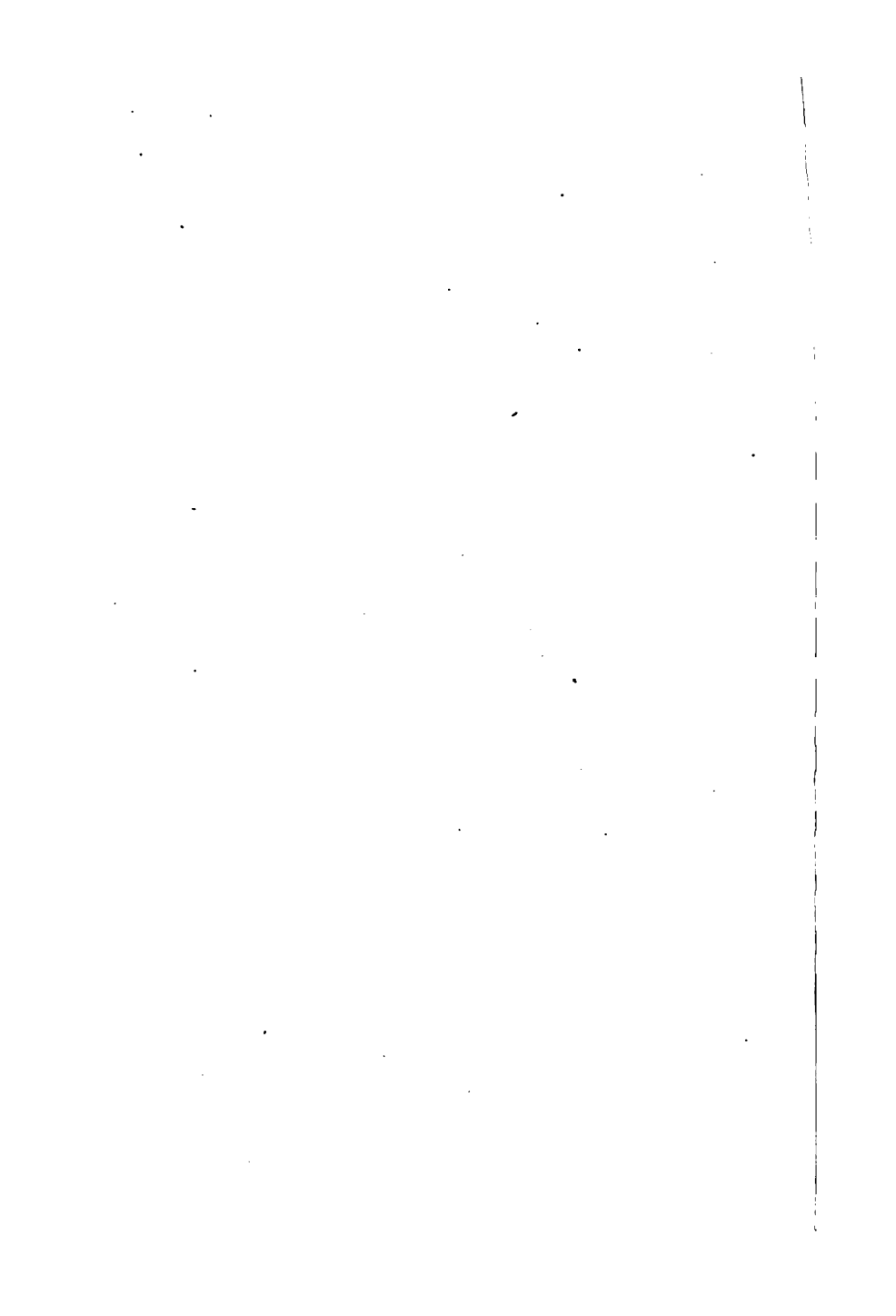
100

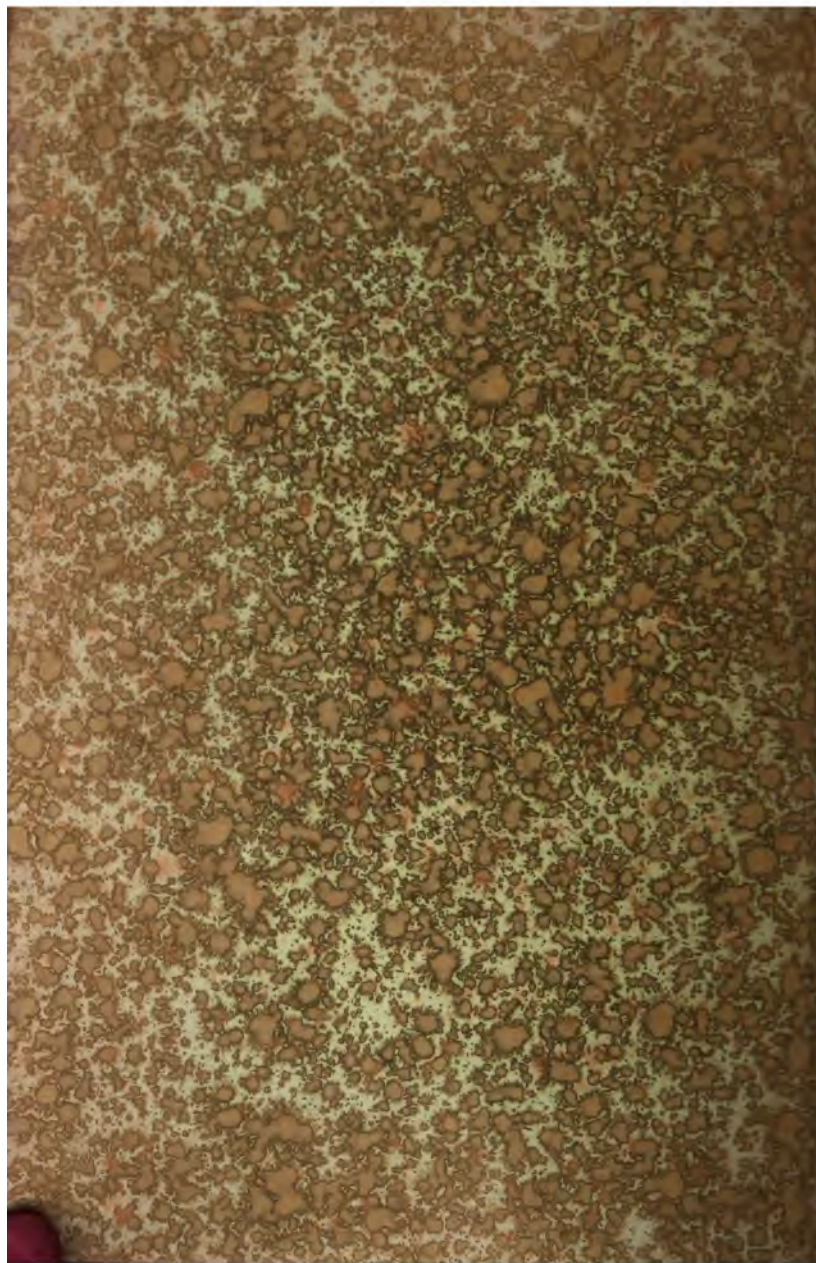
100

100

100

100





THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED

AUG 3 11 1981

722 7529

17417.6

Fables, original and selected.

Widener Library

003424929



3 2044 086 774 452